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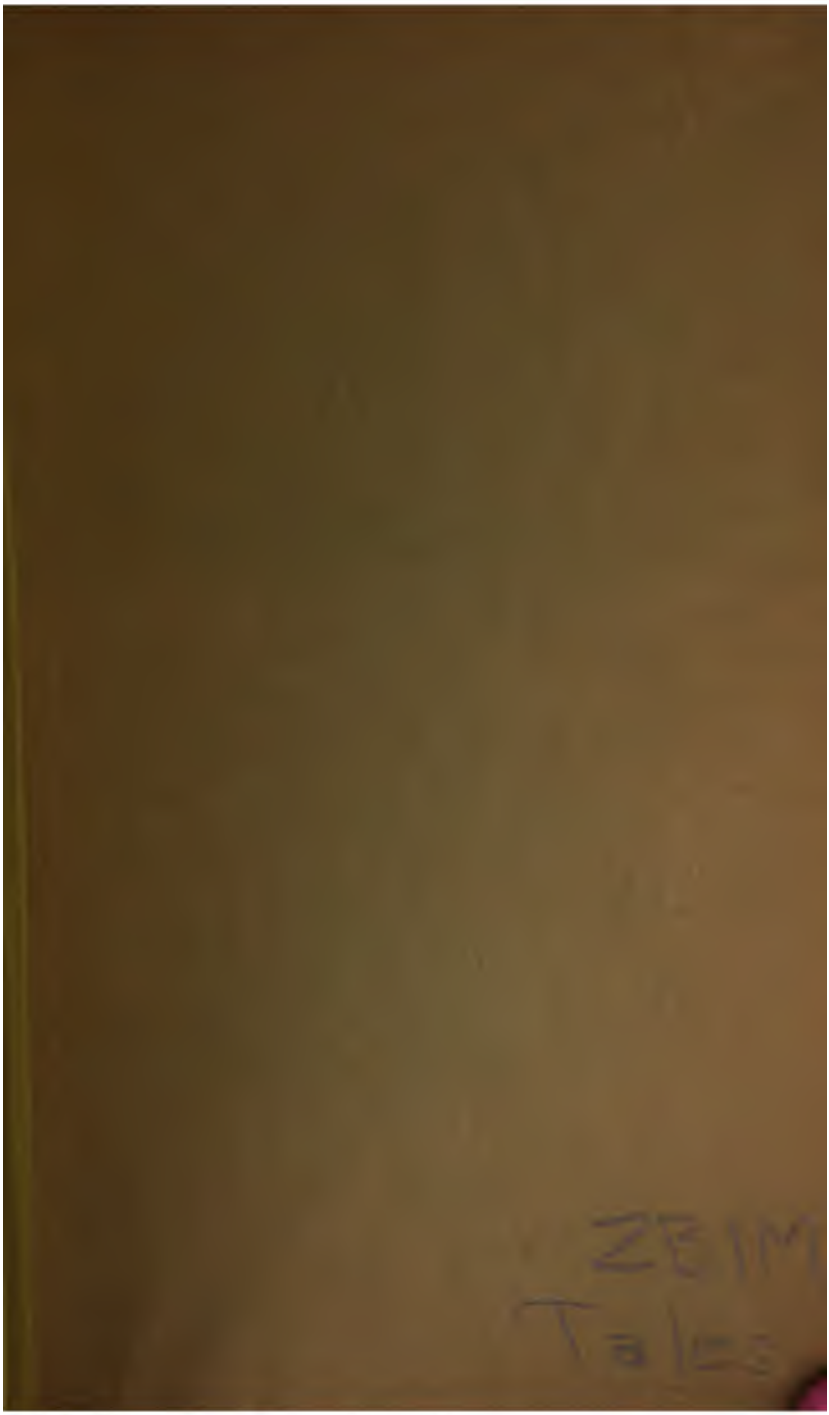
ZEIM
Tales

TALES OF THE CLASSICS:

A NEW DELINEATION

OF THE

MOST POPULAR

FABLES, LEGENDS, AND ALLEGORIES

COMMEMORATED IN THE WORKS OF

POETS, PAINTERS, AND SCULPTORS.

SELECTED AND WRITTEN

BY A LADY,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF HER OWN DAUGHTERS.

"Our poets have naturalised ancient fables, so that mythology is become essential even to modern literature."——"Classical poetry, without the knowledge of mythology, is unintelligible."—EDGEWORTH.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TALES

OF

THE CLASSICS.

VOYAGE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

THE ship Argo, gallantly arrayed, now rode at anchor in the bay of Pagasa, a maritime town of Magnesia, near which is a promontory of the same name. Hither Jason and his companions, the flower of all the Grecian states, repaired, impatient to embark in an enterprise from which they hoped to derive much military glory.

Jason was chosen commander-in-chief of the expedition. Tiphys, the most skilful mariner of his time, undertook the important office of pilot. Esculapius was appointed physician to the forces. The prophetic Mopsus had the direction of the

religious ceremonies. To Lynceus, whose quickness of sight was so extraordinary, that he could see to a certain point through earth and water, and distinguish objects of ordinary size at the distance of nine miles, was given the superintendance of the watch, and he proved of the greatest use to them in discovering the shoals; for the mariner's compass not being then known, navigation was rendered both difficult and dangerous from the necessity of keeping within sight of the coast. Orpheus was the chief musician. With the melodious sound of his fine voice, accompanied by the divine harmony of his lyre, he beguiled the time, and lightened the fatigue of labour; for the vessel being rowed through the water, every chief was obliged to take his turn at the oar.

The relations and friends of this numerous band of heroes came in crowds to bid them farewell. Jason's mother, the princess Alcimeda, appeared overwhelmed with affliction, which by every possible expression of filial tenderness he endeavoured to mitigate, reminding her that the predictions of the oracle were favourable to this expedition, and had clearly announced that it should be crowned with success. Chiron, accompanied by his wife, bearing in her arms the infant Achilles,

came to embrace his beloved pupil, and to give him some useful directions respecting his voyage. The affecting ceremony of taking leave being at length ended, Jason and his companions offered a sacrifice of two bullocks to Apollo, accompanied with ardent prayers for his favour and protection, and then hastily departed.

The sun shone brightly; the wind was favourable, and the oars moved in cadence to the softest strains of Orpheus's fine voice, who, as they passed the promontory of Tiseum, sang hymns in praise of the goddess Diana, to whom the mountain was consecrated, while multitudes of fishes, attracted by the melodious sound of this sacred music, flounced and played around the vessel.

For some days the wind continued fair and the voyage was delightful, but a storm at length arose, and obliged the Argonauts to cast anchor at the island of Lemnos, which at that time was inhabited only by women.

It seems that the ladies of Lemnos, as well as the females of inferior rank, had been remiss in presenting their offerings on the altar of the goddess Venus, whose worship was established in that island, together with that of her husband Vulcan; and the goddess, to punish them for this neglect, had suffered them all to sink into a bru-

tish and total indifference for the most essential duties of the toilet. They neglected their persons, and lost all taste for cleanliness and neatness of dress; they omitted every kind of ablution; they never washed their mouths nor cleaned their teeth, and their breath became intolerably offensive. The men being disgusted with such dirty partners, conceived for them the most pointed aversion, and invented a thousand pretexts for leaving the island, and going to Thrace, where they found the women more cleanly, and consequently more agreeable. Piqued at this desertion, the Lemnian women availed themselves of an occasion, when almost all the men were absent, to destroy the few that remained, and to put themselves in a state of defence against the return of their unfaithful spouses. Not a man now remained in Lemnos. The aged king Thoas had however been preserved from death by his daughter Hypsipyle, who had found means of getting him secretly conveyed to the island of Chios.

On the arrival of the Argonauts, the princess Hypsipyle, who was now become queen of the country, sent an embassy inviting their chief to present himself before her. Jason with great alacrity prepared to obey the summons, and for

this purpose arrayed himself in a magnificent costume, of which the most splendid garment was a cloak embroidered by the goddess Minerva, from whom he had received it as a present. The embroidery displayed a variety of mythological representations; as, the Cyclops forging the thunderbolts for Jupiter; Amphion and Zethus building the walls of Thebes; Venus wearing the shield of Mars, and admiring herself in its brilliant polish; the Taphians making war with Electryon; Œnomaus and Pelops engaged in a chariot race for Hippodamia; Apollo and Diana killing the giant Tityus with their arrows; and Phryxus with his famous ram. Arrayed in this gorgeous mantle, Jason presented himself before Hypsipyle, who no sooner saw the young hero than she fell desperately in love with him, as did many ladies of her court with the gallant chiefs by whom he was escorted.

Now it was that the Lemnian women became sensible of their error in neglecting the worship of Venus; and in order to expiate their fault, they hastened in crowds to her temples, performing acts of penitence, and offering costly perfumes on her altars. The goddess was appeased; the offerings and the votaries were accepted; their

taste for cleanliness and neatness returned; and such was their influence on the hearts of the Argonautic chiefs, that, forgetting the glorious object of their expedition, they remained a long while in the island. Some authors have asserted that their stay at Lemnos was not less than two years. Be this as it may, their military ardour at length returned, and they proceeded on their voyage.

Having stopped a short time in the sacred island of Samothracia to fulfil a vow which Orpheus had made during a tempest, and to be initiated in the religious mysteries of the worship practised in that country, they returned to their ship and directed their course towards Troas.

After experiencing a variety of ordinary nautical adventures, they landed at Cyzicum, a town situated at the foot of Mount Dindymus, and which received its name from Cyzicus its founder, who was at that time king of the country. The entrance of the Argonauts was here opposed by giants having six arms and six legs; but they made their way in spite of this gigantic opposition, and were hospitably received by the king and people, who supplied them with fresh provisions, and such stores as they stood in need of.

Here the Argonauts left their anchor, being furnished by the Cyzicumians with one that suited their purpose better.

The night after their departure from Cyzicum they were driven back to the same port by a storm, and the inhabitants supposing them to be their ancient enemies the Pelasgi, fell upon them in the dark; and a bloody battle ensued, in which the good king Cyzicus was killed by the hand of Jason; who, to expiate this involuntary murder, offered sacrifices to the mother of the gods, and raised a superb monument to the memory of the deceased prince. Some of the company happening to find the trunk of an old vine that was uncommonly large, they carved it into a statue of the goddess Cybele; and this image was placed in a temple which Jason caused to be erected to her honour upon the top of Mount Dindymus. Here the Argonauts were detained several days by tempestuous winds. A smooth sea and fine weather were at length announced by the appearance of a halcyon, which flew several times round Jason's head while he was reposing with his companions. This interesting bird of happy omen, by its gentle note, invited them to pursue their voyage, and they joyfully obeyed the summons.

They had not proceeded far when Hercules, by the force with which he rowed, broke his oar;' and as they afterwards coasted along the shores of Mysia, by the inhabitants of all which countries they were generally received with kindness, the hero went on shore to look for some tree from which he might procure wood to make a new oar. In this excursion he took with him his *protégé* the young Hylas, who being sent with a pitcher to draw some water from a neighbouring fountain, fell into it and was drowned; an event which the poets have embellished by saying, that the Naiades or water-nymphs, being charmed with the beauty of this young water-drawer, had seized him and carried him away to one of their favourite grottoes. Hylas not appearing when the pilot gave the signal for departing, Hercules remained in search of his young friend, and the Argonauts continued their course without him, to the great displeasure of his friend Telamon, who warmly and vainly remonstrated against a departure which he considered as an act of ingratitude and perfidy. The Argonauts regretted the loss of Hercules, but were in some degree consoled by the saving of their provisions, as the hero had an enormous appetite, and usually consumed the greater part of their commestibles for his own share.

Coasting along by the town and promontory of Posideum, Tiphys directed his course towards Bebrycia, a country at that time governed by the ferocious Amycus. This inhospitable prince challenged Pollux to a combat of the cestus, with a view to destroy him, as he always came off victor in this savage game. In this competition Amycus was slain; and the young Tyndaride was, from this circumstance, invoked in after ages as a god who presided over boxing and wrestling.

Soon after their departure from Bebrycia, the Argonauts were driven by a storm on the coast of Thrace, and were received with great kindness by Phineus, the blind king of Bithynia. This prince had married Cleobula or Cleopatra, the daughter of Boreas; and having received some part of the Thracian territory as her marriage-portion, was often called king of Thrace. His two brothers-in-law Calaïs and Zethes, being willing to give a signal proof of their gratitude for the cordial reception he had given them and their companions, drove away the Harpies, a sort of nasty women-faced birds which infested his table, and pursued these horrible monsters as far as the Strophades. In return for this kindness Phineus gave them a dove, which by its flight

would direct and guide them in their passage between the Cyanean rocks, which from their apparent motion (an illusion caused by the moving of the water) were named Symplegades. These tremendous crags appeared to dash one against another. The Argonauts were exceedingly terrified at the sight of this strait, where, by the violence of the current and the opposition of innumerable rocks, the water rises boiling and foaming to a tremendous height. Here they let fly the dove which was to guide them in this perilous navigation. The goddess Minerva now appeared, and seating herself on a point of these huge craggy masses, impelled the vessel through the strait, which was thus passed in safety, to the great joy of the adventurous and daring navigators.

The Argonauts now proceeded towards the coast of the Mariandynians, and in their way met with a series of adventures too numerous to be mentioned here. Lycus king of the country received and treated them with much kindness. One of the Argonauts, whose name was Idmon, was here killed by a wild boar; and here Tiphys died, and was succeeded in his office by Anceus. Lycus permitted his son Dascylus to join the followers of Jason; and they proceeded on their

voyage, continually meeting with some new and strange adventure; and were at length driven by a tempest to the island Arecia, where they found the sons of Phryxus, who had been shipwrecked on that coast, as they were proceeding on a voyage of commercial speculation to Greece. These were four fine young men, their names Argus, Cityorus, Phrontis, and Metes. They were hospitably received by the Argonauts, and under their protection returned to Colchis.

On leaving Arecia they were much annoyed by the attacks of certain large birds, which by discharging their quills wounded several of the company. In the combat with these extraordinary assailants they were however victorious, and having surmounted a variety of other difficulties, they advanced towards the eastern extremity of the Euxine sea. When they came in sight of the mountains of Caucasus, their ears were assailed with the groans of the wretched Prometheus,[a] and they saw, hovering in the air, the cruel vulture that fed upon his ever-growing liver. The heroes sighed in pity for a sufferer they had no power to relieve, and proceeding onwards, arrived safely at the mouth of the river Phasis, on the banks of which were situated the port and capital of Colchis.

Observations.—In the Royal Cabinet at Paris is a medal on which is represented the ship Argo, with the Argonauts pulling at the oars; round it is an inscription, which in English signifies, *Argo, a son of Magnesia.*

In the Palazzo Albani at Rome is a very fine picture in Mosaic, representing the Naiades carrying away Hylas. A beautiful group in marble illustrative of this subject has been produced from the chisel of Mr. Gibson, a young English artist residing in that city.

On this subject Mr. Moore has written the two following pretty stanzas:

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.

Thus some, who like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The spring which flows full by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wastēd,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.

A fine basso-relievo in the Capitoline Museum represents Prometheus chained to the Caucasus, with the vulture devouring his liver. The sufferer's right leg is drawn up towards his body with an expression of great pain, and his foot rests on the head of a woman, supposed to be a personifi-

cation of the earth. She is sitting at the base of the rock, and holds a cornucopia in her hand. Near her stands Hercules, who having laid his club and his lion's skin on a stone, is placing an arrow on his bow-string in order to kill the vulture.

Notes.—1 *Oar.* It has been observed in the note to the preceding tale, that the Argo was probably a galley, a long vessel commonly propelled through the water by means of oars. Galleys are common among the maritime powers in the south of Europe, and on the north coast of Africa, and are most frequently worked by criminals, who being chained to the oar, are called galley-slaves. The Algerines were for many ages a nation of pirates, seizing on all ships that they were able to master. On which occasion they often divided families, who were so unfortunate as to be passengers in the captured vessel, selling the females to such of the rich as were disposed to buy them, and condemning the fathers and husbands to work the galleys. Some of our young musical readers will here recollect a once-favourite plaintive song, the chorus of which runs thus, "I sigh while I tug at the oar."

2 *Prometheus.* This was a Titan prince, who is said to have surpassed all his race in skill, cunning, and fraud. He had in various ways incurred the

anger of Jupiter, who at last commanded Mercury to fasten him to Mount Caucasus, and there condemned him to have his liver torn by a vulture for 30,000 years, during which long space of time the part destined to be the prey of the ferocious bird was to be daily renewed.

It is worthy of remark, that all the gods of the pagan world seem to have uniformly inflicted punishment to satiate their own vindictive feelings, rather than with any view to the correction or reformation of the sufferer.

According to Apollodorus, Prometheus made the first man and woman that ever appeared upon earth, and animated the figures which he had made of clay, or of a paste composed of earth and water, with fire stolen from the chariot of the sun, or from the celestial regions to which he had ascended by the assistance of Minerva. This theft irritated Jupiter, who sent him the beautiful Pandora, (of whom see an account in the "Sequel") with a box full of human woes, in hopes that he would fall in love with her and marry her. This snare Prometheus eluded by giving her to his brother. Jupiter now grew still more angry, and his wrath rose to the highest pitch; but he again became the dupe of this cunning Titan, who having slain two bulls in sacrifice, rolled up all the flesh in one of the skins, and all the bones in the other, beseeching the sovereign of the gods to select from the two that which to him should prove the most agree-

able offering. Whereupon Jupiter made choice of the larger, and found that he had got only the bones. From that time the priests of the temples were ordered to burn the whole victim on the altars, flesh and bones together.

Prometheus suffered his torturing punishment on Mount Caucasus for thirty years, when Hercules killed the vulture and obtained the pardon of the culprit, on condition that he should always wear on his finger a ring made of a bit of the Caucasus, a contrivance of Jupiter to fulfil (in a prevaricating and equivocal way) the word or sentence, by which he had pronounced that Prometheus should not be separated from the mountain for 30,000 years.

THE ARGONAUTS AT COLCHIS.

THE Argonauts having cast anchor in the river Phasis, now invoked the protection of the tutelar divinities of the surrounding country; and Jason, bearing a golden cup filled with wine, made a solemn libation to the presiding spirit of the stream. This religious ceremony being ended, they began to deliberate on the manner in which they should begin their operations; and they were enabled to hold their consultations without fear of molestation or disturbance from any persons on the land, as the ship Argo was entirely concealed by the high rushes, canes, and trees, that grew in great abundance on the banks of that part of the river.

Meanwhile Juno and Minerva being anxious for the success of the expedition, went together to solicit the intervention of the goddess Venus,

praying her to engage her son Cupid to send a golden arrow to the heart of the young princess Medea, the daughter of the king of Colchis, in favour of their *protégé*, the valiant Jason. Venus consented to use her influence for this purpose, and accordingly went in search of her son; and after wandering for some time about the beautiful gardens of Olympus, she found him at play with the young Ganymede, who had recently been appointed cupbearer to Jupiter. Cupid, pleased with the commission with which he was charged by his mother, winged his way to Colchis, and took his station, unseen by mortal eyes, in the vestibule of the palace of Æetes, whither Jason, accompanied by the grandsons of the king and some other chosen companions, soon arrived.

The Argonauts were struck with astonishment on beholding the grandeur and magnificence of the royal palace, the entrance to which was embellished by four superb fountains, said to be the work of Vulcan. From the first flowed a copious stream of milk; from the second an exquisitely delicious wine; from the third an odoriferous oil, that filled the air with perfume; and from the fourth issued a sparkling current of pure water. Each of these seemed to be guarded by the figure of a bull in bronze exquisitely wrought, besides

many other embellishments, all honourable to the taste and execution of the indefatigable and immortal artificer. Noble porticoes, courts, and galleries, on every side, attracted the admiration of the passenger; while attached to the main body of the building were two uncommonly beautiful towers or turrets, in one of which were the private apartments of Æetes and his queen Idya, and in the other those of the princess Chalciope (widow of the deceased Phryxus) and her lovely sister Medea, a princess who filled the office of priestess in the temple of Hecate,[1] and who having been instructed by her aunt Circe, was greatly skilled in the knowledge of simples, drugs, poisons, philtres, and the various mysteries appertaining to the arts of magic and sorcery.

The return of the young princes of Colchis, and the extraordinary dress and appearance of the Grecians who had accompanied them, excited great curiosity, and produced much unusual bustle among the inhabitants of the palace. The princess Chalciope ran to meet her sons, and was followed by her young and blooming sister, for whose appearance Cupid, who had taken his station behind Jason, was on the watch. Scarcely had the princess cast her eyes upon this hero, than the playful god of love achieved his purpose, and

Medea felt her heart beat with new sensations favourable to the welfare and happiness of the Argonautic chief.

The sons of Phryxus being now introduced to their grandfather Æetes, Argus, the eldest of the four brothers, informed him that it was to these strangers, whose appearance had excited so much curiosity, and awakened such a general feeling of interest in their favour, that he and his brothers were indebted for their deliverance from an island on which they had been shipwrecked. He then entered into a minute detail of their adventures since their embarkation on board the ship Argo, and concluded by requesting the favour of an audience for Jason and the heroes who had accompanied them. The audience was granted; and Jason, with an air of candour and modesty, informed Æetes that he came by order of Pelias, king of Iolchos, to demand the restoration of the golden fleece, adding, that he hoped the object of his mission would be immediately consigned to him, and that he should not, by a refusal of his demand, be driven to the necessity of seeking to obtain it by force of arms.

Æetes was exceedingly enraged at this discourse; he however thought proper to repress his anger, and contented himself with apprising the

embassy that the golden fleece could only be obtained by the fulfilment of the following extraordinary conditions. They were to tame two bulls which breathed forth flames, and had hoofs and horns of brass: with these bulls yoked to a plough of adamant they were to till two acres of ground, in a field consecrated to the god Mars; they were then to kill a monstrous dragon that guarded the tree on which the treasure they sought was suspended, and to sow his teeth in the ground, from which, as before in the case of Cadmus, would spring up armed men, all of whom they were to destroy; and these achievements were to be performed in the short space of one single day.

To the astonishment of all present, Jason declared his readiness to fulfil these conditions; and three days were now allotted for making the necessary preparations.

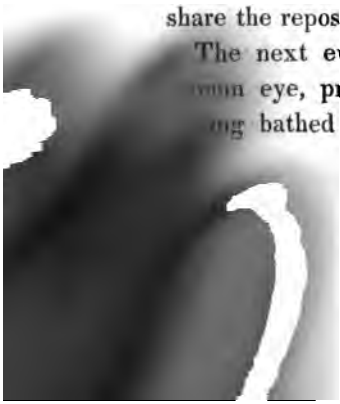
The hero now returned to his ship, and on recounting to the rest of his companions the result of his audience with Æetes, they were struck with consternation and dismay. Some of them, however, became very indignant, and proposed to attack Æetes, and storm the city, rather than to expose themselves or their leader to the fury of wild bulls and dragons; but Argus, the son of Chalciope, hastening to them from the apartment of

his mother, with whom he had remained after Jason's departure from the palace, informed him that the princess Medea being deeply affected at the idea of the dangers to which her father sought to expose him, had declared her intention to exert all her efforts to ensure his success, and to enable him to fulfil an engagement he had but too rashly formed; that for this purpose she had already begun her incantations, and intended at midnight to repair to the temple of Hecate, to implore the protection of that goddess, and to perform some religious ceremony, or practise some charm necessary to ensure the effect of a certain liniment which she had prepared by mixing the juices of a plant that grows only on the spot of ground which is continually drenched by the blood of Prometheus, with a black liquor that had been vomited by the vulture appointed to be his tormentor. Argus then advised Jason to seek an interview with Medea in the temple, a proposal to which he joyfully assented.

This was indeed an interview of the utmost importance to his success and happiness. Medea received him with secret pleasure; listened with complacency to the declaration of his love, and modestly avowed her own. They afterwards knelt together before the statue of the goddess, whom

they invoked to witness their mutual vows of eternal love and constancy.

Medea then instructed Jason respecting the manner in which he should proceed in order to ensure his success in an enterprise to which mere human prowess, however great and daring, would be found unequal. She directed him to offer a sacrifice to Hecate the ensuing midnight, alone, and in secret; preparatory to which awful ceremony she commanded him to bathe three times in the waters of the Phasis. She then put into his hand a small cup or vase containing the liniment she had prepared, enjoining him to anoint his body and his arms with it, in order to render the former invulnerable, and the latter invincible. She also gave him certain cakes and juices of a soporific quality, with ample directions respecting the time and manner of presenting them to the furious animals he would have to encounter; and after many predictive assurances of victory and triumph on her part, and of love and gratitude on his, they separated; Medea returning to the palace of her father, and Jason to the ship Argo, to share the repose of his companions.



The next evening Jason, unobserved by any human eye, proceeded towards the temple, and having bathed himself three times in the river,

according to the injunctions of Medea, he sat down on the grass, and fixing his eyes on the constellation of the Great Bear, watched and waited for the solemn hour of midnight. The air was calm and serene, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy. At midnight, Jason offered his sacrifice and his prayer. Scarcely had he finished this pious ceremony, when his ears were assailed by the loud and tremendous barkings of the dogs which attend the terrible Hecate, and the goddess in frightful apparition presented herself before him. Jason stood appalled and terrified; but the spectre making herself known, encouraged him by assurances of her protection, and then withdrew to the infernal regions, leaving him to pursue his way back to the ship Argo, where he was joyfully received by his companions, to whom he communicated the cause of his late absence, and the happy presages with which he had been favoured. This communication calmed their apprehensions, and they all cheerfully retired to rest.

Observations.—There is an exquisitely fine basso-relievo in the Palazzo Ruspeli, which exhibits Jason at the moment of his swearing constancy to Medea, who is sitting near the dragon, the guardian of the golden fleece. This is a work

of very bold character, the figures of which project exceedingly, particularly that of Jason, between whose neck and the ground-work a spectator may easily pass his finger.

Diana contemplating the sleeping Endymion on Mount Latmos is the subject of a fine picture taken from Herculaneum, and of innumerable sculptures and paintings that embellish the galleries of the fine arts in Italy and other countries. Endymion was a beautiful youth to whom Jupiter promised to grant the first request he should make, and who availed himself of this promise to ask for eternal youth, and permission to sleep as much as he pleased. Diana having perceived him sleeping on Mount Latmos, fell in love with him, and came every evening to contemplate his beauty. Some authors say that her love met a kind return, and that from her union with Endymion she became the mother of fifty children.

Note.—1 *Hecate* is one of the names of Diana, whose power was supposed to extend over heaven, earth, sea, and the infernal regions. As presiding in the heavens, she is called Luna or Selena; on earth, Diana; and in Ades or hell, Hecate or Proserpine. Under the name of Luna or Selena, her office was to

enlighten the earth by night; and in this character she is represented as a beautiful pensive female figure seated in a car of silver, bearing a flambeau in one hand, and wearing a crescent on her head. To this goddess, as Luna or Selena, belongs the story of her adventures with Endymion. As the mild genius or spirit of the night, she is even to this day addressed and invoked in the sad song of the mourner.

Mounted in thy silver car,
Chaste-eyed empress of the night,
Hark! a wanderer from afar
Hails thy mild auspicious light.

Light, to Love's best votaries dear!
Dear to Meditation's sons;
Shades of error thou canst clear
Better than a thousand suns.

By thy soft religious gleam,
Reason searches truths divine;
Wisdom owns the inspiring beam,
Virtue smiles to see thee shine.

I too (child of sorrow) feel
All thy power to soften grief;
Which, though it be not thine to heal,
Thine it is to afford relief.

By thy light alone I rove,
Tears indulge, and as they flow
Learn a mystery to prove,
Learn the "luxury of woe."

Tearful eyes to heaven I turn;
  There with awe thy form I see;
While the stars that round thee burn
  Light me to—the Deity!

Ah! 'tis He who guides their spheres!
  He, too, measures out my woe!
Hence then cease my falling tears,
  Or with resignation flow.

ANNA MARIA.

Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
  Alone and pensive I delight to stray;
And mark thy shadow trembling in the stream,
  Or watch the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and silvery light
  Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
  That in thy orb the weary may have rest.

The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
  Released by death, to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and woe
  Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.

O that I soon may reach thy world serene!
Poor weary pilgrim, in this toiling scene.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

This goddess, in her second character as a divinity of the earth, is represented as a huntress; sometimes seated in a car drawn by stags, but more commonly

she is seen running on foot, reclining under a tree, or bathing and surrounded by her attendant nymphs. She is represented as a tall figure, with a very beautiful though somewhat manly countenance. Her legs are well shaped, and strong: her dress is a short tunic, tucked up or split open so as to leave one knee uncovered. She wears buskins on her feet, and holds a javelin or bow in her right hand: her hair, divided into two tresses, passes round, so that the ends meet on the top of her head, forming a sort of crescent. Thus accoutred, she is called Diana, the goddess of the chase.

This goddess, in her third character, is Hecate, or the infernal Diana; and is generally represented as being of an enormous height, having three snake-covered heads, and armed with instruments of terror, whips, swords, serpents, and flaming torches. The Greeks and Romans placed a statue of this horrible divinity at the crosses, *carrefours*, or places where three roads meet. These statues were called Trivia. Hecate was the goddess that presided over the arts of magic, sorcery, and enchantments; and to such persons as invoked her aid by the practice of certain religious ceremonies, she not unfrequently made a visible appearance, surrounded by flashes of light, and attended by barking and howling dogs. She is supposed to be a goddess of Egyptian origin, whose name was Brimo, the wife of Dis or Pluto.

"The spouse
Of gloomy Dis, queen of the triple form,
Persean Brimo, who with fearful yells
Disturbs our slumbers in the gloom of night"

The worship of this goddess was introduced into Greece by Orpheus, and she obtained the name of Hecate. The Romans called her *Dea Feralis*.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE OBTAINED — THE ARGONAUTS RETURN TO COLCHIS.

THE orb of day rose gloriously; and the Grecian heroes, undaunted by the dangers which menaced them, repaired to the field of Mars. The people assembled in crowds on the heights which surrounded the vast amphitheatre into which the bulls were to be introduced. The king, Æetes, gorgeously arrayed in a vesture of gold and purple, with a helmet that represented the disk of the sun, and bearing his sceptre in his hand, came forth, followed by the nobles of his court magnificently attired in their robes of state. It was a splendid sight!

The spectators took their places, and a profound silence, produced by anxious and breathless

expectation, prevailing all around, the heralds sounded the signal for the rencounter, and the bulls were immediately let loose. They bounded forward with ungovernable fury, tearing up the ground with their feet and horns, and burning up the grass with the flames which issued from their nostrils. Jason and his companions advanced with a firm undaunted air, while the spectators shuddered with horror. But what was their surprise and astonishment when they saw the bulls suddenly become calm, and approach towards Jason with the greatest tameness and docility, suffering him to pat their necks, and to lead them round the arena at his pleasure; the liniment with which he had rubbed his body preserving him from being scorched by the flames which still burst forth from their terrible mouths.

The Grecians shouted for joy, and animated their leader by their acclamations. The Dioscures (Castor and Pollux) presented him the yokes; and laying them on the necks of the bulls, he led them submissively forth drawing the adamantine plough. The ground was soon prepared; and Jason having lulled the dragon to sleep by means of the juices which he had received from the hands of the enamoured princess, despatched him

without danger; and sowing the teeth in the ground, the armed men sprung up, furiously pointing their weapons towards the Grecian hero, who threw a large stone amongst them, on which they immediately turned their fury, and at length finished the combat by totally destroying one another.

The Grecians now ran forward to embrace their chief; and the spectators being filled with admiration, rent the air with their shouts of applause. Jason bore away the golden fleece in triumph, and once more embarked in safety with his companions.

Medea now returned to the palace; and was soon informed that her father began to suspect her of having been accessary to a victory, which, while it crowned his adversaries with glory, overwhelmed him with confusion, and provoked him to the most extravagant excesses of rage and fury.

Terrified at this information, the princess secretly left her apartment, and, accompanied by a few female attendants, proceeded towards the river. The moon shone brightly. The goddess Diana, mindful of her own attachment for Endymion, took pity on the unhappy Medea, and favoured her escape. The princess soon reached the banks

of the Phasis, and was there joined by the victorious Jason, who renewed his vows of gratitude and affection, swearing that under his protection, and that of her four nephews who had all determined to accompany him to Greece, she and her attendants should be safely conveyed to Iolchos, where his marriage with her should be sanctioned by his father, and celebrated with all the pomp of royalty amidst the heartfelt congratulations of a grateful and affectionate people.

Medea, weeping bitterly, sent her affectionate adieus to her mother and sister, beseeching them to obtain for her her father's forgiveness, that she might one day be able to return to them in peace; and mentioning that she had left for them, in her apartment, a small casket, containing some trifles, which she prayed them to accept as tokens of her affection. Amongst these objects of *souvenir* were several locks of her fine hair, forming a variety of pretty ornaments. She then embarked with her maids; and in a few hours the ship Argo was once more at large on the waves of the turbulent Euxine. Proceeding in her course, the vessel soon reached the mouth of the river Halys; near which the Argonauts, by the advice of Medea, landed, to offer a sacrifice to the goddess Hecate, in whose honour they erected a temple. Here they

were informed that Æetes, being furious at the loss of the golden fleece, and at the departure of his daughter and his nephews, had hastily fitted out several vessels which were coming in pursuit of them under the command of his son Absyrtes.

Jason now recollected that, in their voyage towards Colchis, they had been advised by Phineas, king of Bithynia, to return into Greece by another way; and after deliberating on what course they should or could possibly take, they determined to enter the Danube: which the poets and mythologists, who seem in those days to have had but a very imperfect knowledge of geography, describe as a river rising in Scythia, and dividing itself into several branches; "*one of which,*" said the sage Argus, "*as you will soon perceive, falls into the Euxine, another into the Adriatic, and a third into the Sicilian sea.*"

At the mouth of the Danube is the small island of Peuce, which divides its waters into two canals; by one of which entered the ship Argo, and by the other the vessels of her pursuers, the Colchians.

The Argonauts took refuge in an island dedicated to the goddess Diana; where, after much

serious deliberation on the means of avoiding their enemies, they resolved on endeavouring to draw Absyrtes into a snare, by means of his sister Medea, who was to invite him to meet her secretly in the temple, to receive from her hands the golden fleece, and to take her under his protection. Absyrtes came according to the invitation; and in his way to the place of rendezvous, Jason fell upon him and killed him. The perpetration of this horrid deed so discouraged and disconcerted the Colchians, that they pursued the Argonauts no farther. Some authors relate that this tragical event happened at Tomos, a town on the Euxine; which in after ages became remarkable, as being the place to which the Latin poet Ovid was exiled by the Emperor Augustus.

The Argonauts pursuing their voyage, endeavoured to reach the Electrides or Amber-isles, which were supposed to be situated near the mouth of the Eridan; and after a curious, and to us inexplicable navigation, they are said to have anchored near the coast of Illyria. They afterwards passed among the Ionian islands, and cast anchor at Corcyra or Phæacia (now Corfu). Here the Argonauts received an oracular command from the mainmast, or from one of the sacred timbers of the ship Argo, to proceed no farther towards their

own country till they had first visited the port of Circe, by whose incantations Jason was to be purified from the sin attached to the murder of Absyrtes.

Apollonius of Rhodes, from whose account of the Argonautic expedition most of these details are taken, pretends that the ship Argo now sailed along the Eridan into the Mediterranean sea; and we soon after find them near the mouth of the Rhone, sailing along by the southern coast of Gaul: they stopped at the small islands of the Stœchades, in order to perform some religious ceremonies. Here they erected an altar, and offered a sacrifice to Jupiter. They then proceeded to the island of Ethalia; and afterwards coasting the fine country of Etruria, they arrived at length at the port of Circe. Jason and Medea having entered the palace of this powerful daughter of the sun, placed themselves near the hearth and the Penates, in the attitude of suppliants seeking refuge in a sacred asylum. Circe severely reproved Medea for having left her paternal home; and reprimanded Jason for the murder of Absyrtes, not only expressing the greatest abhorrence of his crime, but also a disinclination to favour either his wishes or those of Medea: but at length she softened in

their favour, and consented to perform the required ceremonies of expiation.

By the care of the goddesses Juno and Minerva, and the obedient, obliging and timely intervention of Iris, Vulcan, Eolus, and Thetis, the ship Argo afterwards passed in safety the Vulcanian and Eolian islands, and the dangerous passage between the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis. The Argonauts also escaped the allurements of the Sirens; for Orpheus, by the harmonious sounds of his lyre, and the manly accords of his fine deep-toned voice, so overpowered their songs, that only one of all his companions sought to gain their enchanted coast. This was Butes, who plunged into the sea, and would have been drowned in attempting to swim towards them, had he not been rescued from the waves by the goddess Venus, who conducted him to Lilybæum in the island of Sicily.

The Argonauts now returned to Phæacia, where they were kindly received by Alcinous, the king of the country, and welcomed by all his subjects. Delighted with this beautiful island, its kind inhabitants, and above all with the near prospect of returning to their respective homes, the voyagers here gave a loose to the wildest excesses of joy;

which, however, was soon succeeded by mourning and lamentation occasioned by the arrival of some vessels which Æetes had again sent out to pursue them. Alcinous, who dreaded a war with Æetes, interposed as mediator between the parties, and seemed inclined to restore Medea to her father. The unhappy princess now sought the queen Arete, and weeping bitterly, threw herself at her feet, beseeching her to intercede for her with the king her husband. This Arete kindly promised to do; and no sooner were the royal pair alone in their apartment, than the queen began to plead in favour of the afflicted Medea. After many expostulations and entreaties, she obtained from Alcinous a promise that, if upon investigation it should be clearly proved that Medea was the wife of Jason, she should remain with him; "but if this proof cannot be obtained," added Alcinous, "there is no consideration that shall deter me from sending her back to her father."

Arete, well knowing the impossibility of producing in the present state of things the proofs her husband would require, now watched for and availed herself of the favourable moment when Alcinous was sunk into a profound sleep, to inform Medea and Jason of his decision, and to make immediate preparations for the celebration of their

marriage. The cavern of the nymph Macris was chosen for the nuptial apartment, and was by order of the queen beautifully decorated with festoons of flowers and other appropriate ornaments. The companions of Jason, bearing arms, opened the hymeneal procession: the golden fleece was borne in triumph: Orpheus played on his lyre, and sang an epithalamium in his finest style; all the Argonauts joining in the chorus.

Early the next morning Alcinous, seated on his throne, bearing a sceptre of pure gold, and surrounded by his nobles in their robes of state, pronounced his decree respecting the fate of Medea, whose recent marriage with Jason being no secret to the people, they all shouted for joy: the Argonauts filled the air with their acclamations; while the Colchians, mortified and oppressed with the dread of returning to their sovereign unaccompanied by his daughter, implored permission to settle in the island. The permission was granted. They established themselves among the Phæacians, and some years afterwards planted a colony near the Ceraunian mountains.

After seven days passed in feastings and rejoicings, the Argonauts embarked in order to return to their own country. The king, Alcinous, made Jason many valuable presents, and Medea received

from the queen twelve Phæacian damsels to be her attendants.

Soon after their departure from the island the wind became contrary; a violent tempest succeeded; and the ship Argo, after being driven about for several days at the mercy of the winds and waves, was at length cast upon the coast of Libya, near to the dangerous sand-banks known to navigators by the name of the Syrtes. Here the nymphs of the lake Tritonis or Tritonia appeared to Jason, in a vision, inviting him to show his gratitude to the sacred vessel which had so long borne him and his companions, by now bearing her over the sandy deserts to their lake, the waters of which were consecrated to the goddess Minerva. The Argonauts accordingly took the ship Argo on their shoulders, and walked resolutely forth over the burning sands; their way being opened or traced by a sea-horse, one of the favourite coursers of Neptune, which emerging from the ocean at the moment in which they began their march, preceded and conducted them in their course.

In their way they passed the gardens of the Hesperides, and slaked their thirst at a fountain which had been raised by Hercules, who being in

want of water to drink, had on that spot struck the ground furiously with his feet. In the course of this pedestrian journey Canthus, one of the Argonauts, was killed by a shepherd, whose bullocks he had attempted to steal; and Mopsus also died, being bitten by one of those innumerable serpents which were engendered by the drops of blood that fell from the head of Medusa. After a march of twelve days and twelve nights, the Argonauts arrived at their place of destination; and the ship Argo rode in safety on the rippling billows of the lake Tritonia, into which a river bearing the same name pours the tribute of its waters.

By the advice of Orpheus, who was ever mindful of the honour due to the gods, Jason and his companions placed a sacred tripod on the border of the lake as an offering to the divinities of the surrounding country; and this was a very solemn and pompous religious ceremony. Scarcely had they finished the dedication of the tripod, when a triton emerged from the water, and gave them ample directions respecting the manner by which they were to reach the sea. Jason now offered a sheep in sacrifice to the friendly triton, upon which he appeared a second time, and gave his

gentle aid to the removal of the vessel, which soon after sailed triumphantly on the swelling waves of the ocean.

The ship Argo now soon arrived off the island Carpathus, and from thence the Argonauts directed their course towards Crete; but here they were inhospitably driven back by the giant Talus. This monster was at length, however, destroyed by the magic powers of Medea, and they made good their landing. In this island they passed only one night, and on the following morning proceeded on their voyage. In the course of the day they doubled the cape Samonium; but the weather being hazy and tempestuous, the night became extremely dark; black clouds obscured the atmosphere, and not a star was to be seen. Jason and his companions, in great consternation and alarm, now invoked the protection of Apollo and Diana. Their prayer was not preferred in vain. The storm subsided: the sea became calm: the moon suddenly appeared, and the reflection of her bright silvery beams played in the rippling billows.

At dawn of day the Argonauts descried Anaphe and Thera, islands of the Sporades; on the former of which they landed, and offered a sacrifice to Apollo. They afterwards touched at the island of Ægina, where they took in a supply of fresh

water. Departing from Ægina, they were conducted by a favourable breeze along the coast of Attica and Aulis; and in a few days the inhabitants of Pagasa hailed the return of these adventurous heroes, and once more beheld the ship Argo safely anchored in their port.

The course of this voyage has been variously described by different authors; some of whom have asserted that the Argonauts in their return from Colchis made their way up the great river Tanais, and from thence passed into another river which in its course conveyed them into the northern ocean; that they afterwards navigated along the eastern coast of the Atlantic, and entered the Mediterranean sea by a strait between the Pillars of Hercules, now called the Strait of Gibraltar. A slight knowledge of geography is sufficient to convince our young readers that either of these courses would be found absolutely impracticable to modern navigators.

Observations.—The river Danube is personified in a colossal statue, that with others serves to ornament the beautiful fountain in the Piazza Navona in Rome. The design of this fountain was made by the Cavaliere Bernini; and this particular statue is the work of Andrea il Lombardo,

Note.—1 *Pagasæ.* The port from which the ship Argo sailed to begin the only voyage she ever made, and to which she returned at its termination.

This expedition has been celebrated by several poets. Among those who have given the most detailed accounts of this remarkable voyage, are Apollonius of Rhodes; Orpheus (supposed to be a name assumed by Onomacritus, an Athenian soothsayer); and Valerius Flaccus, a Latin poet, who lived in the time of the Emperor Vespasian. The latter is unfinished, on account of the premature death of its author. The several relations of this voyage do not at all agree with each other. This circumstance, together with the utter impossibility of many incidents that are related as having actually taken place, have induced our modern literati to decide that this expedition was not an historical fact, but altogether a romance: in recounting which, every writer thought himself at liberty to conduct his vessel by what course he pleased, whether that course was traced by the hand of Nature, or opened only by the wild vagaries of his own imagination.

The Argonautic expedition has been reckoned one of the most grand and important epochas or periods of history. By it the great Sir Isaac Newton undertook to settle and arrange the ancient chronology. He was of opinion that this extraordinary voyage was made about thirty years before the destruction of Troy, and forty-three after the death of Solomon.

Monsieur Rabaud de St. Etienne, Monsieur Dupuis, and other modern erudites, seem to be persuaded that the Argonautica is an astronomical poem; and that as this celebrated voyage never took place in our world, we can in reality have nothing to do with its geography.

ÆSON RESTORED TO THE VIGOUR OF YOUTH.

THE return of the Argonauts from their successful expedition was a subject of great rejoicing throughout all Greece. The grateful parents assembled in the temples to thank the gods for the restoration of their children. The altars were covered with offerings, and the air was perfumed with incense; but Æson, the father of Jason, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, was unable to assist at these joyful ceremonies.

The young hero manifested the deepest sorrow on beholding the wretched state of debility to which his beloved parent was reduced; and being moved by the best feelings of filial piety and affection, besought Medea to exert her utmost efforts to restore his vigour, and prolong his valuable life. This request, which excited in the mind of the

princess the most painful feelings of self-condemnation and remorse[1] by the recollection it awakened of her unkindness to her own parents, whom she had basely abandoned, served, however, to increase her respect and esteem for Jason, and she very readily and kindly promised to comply with his wishes; and accordingly she resolved, as a ceremony essential to her purpose, to make a solemn invocation to the goddess Hecate at the time of the next full moon.

Three nights had the princess to wait for the desired period; on the fourth she walked forth at midnight, wandering alone in a thick and venerable wood, with her robe tucked up, her feet bare, and her long tresses floating on her shoulders. Not a breath disturbed the air. The moon and stars shone brightly in the azure vault of heaven. Medea stretched forth her hands towards these celestial luminaries, turned herself round three times, three times sprinkled her hair with the water of a neighbouring river, and three times awoke the echoes with a shrill and piercing cry. She then bowed herself towards the ground, exclaiming, "Oh Night, faithful to my secrets: ye brilliant orbs, that appear after the glowing light of day is subsided; and thou, Hecate, witness my devotions, and be propitious to my prayer! Come

to my aid, thou earth, rich in herbs of potent efficacy:—ye spirits of the winds, mountains, lakes, and rivulets:—ye divinities of the woods; and thou, Pluto, sovereign of the infernal regions, come!" Suddenly Medea beheld a thick cloud descending towards the earth, and on it was an empty car drawn by two dragons. Medea being assured by this token that Hecate had listened with complacency to her invocation, seated herself in the car, and was borne away through the regions of the air. The dragons were obedient to her will, and stopped at her command on the mountains of Beotia and Thessaly, and on the seashores, whither she repaired to gather the various species of herbs that were adapted to her purpose; and such was the renovating power of these nicely chosen plants, that when she had placed them in the car, their smell alone caused the dragons to change their skin, and to lose every appearance of age.

After passing nine days and nine nights in collecting all the variety of vegetable, mineral, and animal productions adapted to her purpose, Medea returned to Iolchos, where she remained in the open air till all her incantations in favour of Æson were completed. She now began another series of mysterious rites, by erecting two altars

of turf before the door of the palace; one in honour of Hecate, and the other of Hebe the goddess of youth. These she surrounded and covered with branches of trees, and a variety of green plants, among which was a large proportion of vervain. She then dug a pit near the altars; and having killed a black sheep, poured the blood of the poor animal into the hollow, dipping therein several torches, which were afterwards lighted and placed round the altars. She then made a libation of wine and milk, pronouncing words of mystic import; by which she invoked the protection of Pluto and Proserpine in behalf of Æson, that he might not die before her ceremonies of enchantment were all ended.

The old man being in a profound sleep, Medea caused him to be laid on a bed of herbs; and then began to purify him in a threefold manner with water, fire, and sulphur, running at intervals round the altars, and screaming in a frightful manner. She afterwards opened his veins; and while the blood was rushing out, she turned her attention towards a large copper kettle, in which the renovating mixture was slowly boiling. This wonderful fluid was composed of the juices of a variety of plants; into which were precipitated certain stones brought from far distant countries,

and sands that had been washed for ages by the flux and reflux of the sea; to these were added the wings of that large species of bat to which naturalists have given the name of vampyre, the bowels of a noted wolf, which during his nightly prowlings had been wont to assume a human form, the skin drawn from the skull of a tortoise, the brains of an old stag, and the head of a crow that had lived to the age of nine hundred years. The sorceress stirred these potent ingredients with a dry stick of olive, which in a short time appeared all covered with leaves and fruit, and the most beautiful flowers began to spring up round the caldron produced by the scum that had boiled over the brim. Medea knew by these tokens that the mixture was fit for use; so, after letting it stand a little while to cool, she began to infuse it into Æson's veins, in place of the blood of which they had been emptied. The old man's white hair and beard soon became black and glossy, his wrinkles disappeared, and the princess presented him to her delighted husband plump and vigorous as he had been at the end of his seventh lustre.

Some writers have asserted that Bacchus having witnessed this prodigy, induced Medea to teach him her secret, and that he afterwards employed

it in favour of the nymphs who took care of his infancy.

Observations.—There exists an exquisitely fine painting by Girolemo Mucchietti which exhibits Medea occupied in restoring the decrepid father of her husband to the health and vigour of early life. This picture having been repeatedly sold (and that at a very high price), it is not precisely known who is its present possessor.

Note.—1 *Remorse.* "Of all the feelings of remorse that can sting the conscience of a sinner, that surely," says the pious Bishop Pearce, "must be the most tormenting which proceeds from a consciousness of unkindness to parents, or a want of tender indulgence for their errors, weaknesses, and infirmities. It is a crime that seldom fails of being punished by some signal mark of the Divine displeasure even in this life. Shall the hopes of a tender mother who has hung over the cradle of her sucking infant, indulging the fond anticipation of its future affection, kindness, support, consolation, and friendship for her old age, be disappointed—be blasted with impunity? Oh no. '*I will visit for these things, saith the Lord of* *Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for* *ver a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*'"

MEDEA DESTROYS PELIAS, CREON, AND HER OWN CHILDREN.

PELIAS, king of Iolchos, false to the promise he had made to Jason previous to the departure of that young prince for Colchis, still kept possession of the throne; and Medea,[1] who anxiously wished to recover the kingdom for its rightful sovereign Æson, or for her husband, who was the heir apparent, contrived a plan for the destruction of the usurper. She communicated her project to her husband; and though nothing could be more wicked, deceitful and cruel, than the crime she meditated, she obtained his consent to its perpetration.

In order to accomplish her inhuman purpose, Medea feigned to have had a quarrel with Jason,[2] and under the specious pretext of wishing to elude the effects of his anger, she went to implore an

asylum in the palace of Pelias, where she was kindly received by the daughters of that monarch. These princesses having heard what she had done for their uncle Æson, earnestly besought her to exert the same salutary powers in behalf of their father. To this request Medea made many objections, which, as she expected, only served to render her petitioners more ardent and importunate in their entreaties, and she at length yielded with apparent reluctance to their solicitations. She desired, however, that they would first bring her some other subject on which she might display her skill, and give them a manifest proof of her ability to do what they desired. They accordingly presented her a ram that was feeble and blind with extreme old age; whereupon she began to prepare her youth-restoring mixture, as described in the account of the restoration of Æson; and having stabbed the ram in several places, she let him bleed while the mixture was cooling, and afterwards dipped him into the caldron, from which, in the course of a few minutes, there seemed to issue a sound like the bleating of a young lamb, and the princesses to their great joy soon beheld the little sportive creature leap forth from the vessel and run to suck a ewe which it seemed to mistake for its mother. Delighted to behold a pro-

digy which appeared to promise so much for their beloved parent, the daughters of Pelias besought Medea to lose no time in employing her best efforts in favour of their father; she accordingly set herself busily to work, and appearing to be much occupied about the exact preparation of the important fluid, ordered them to go in the mean time and stab their father, in order to empty his veins of the old blood.

Trembling at a command so repulsive and so shocking to the first and dearest affections of nature, these young princesses, armed with daggers, approached the bedside of their parent, turning aside their heads that they might not see the wounds they were about to give. The old man awoke, and being struck with terror at their hostile appearance, besought them not to kill him. Medea at this instant entered the room, and reproaching them for their want of courage to fulfil what she called an act of filial piety, snatched the daggers from their hands and stuck them to the heart of her victim; she then plunged the body into the caldron, and ascending her car, disappeared among the clouds. She had purposely employed herbs that had no virtue; and the unhappy princesses perceiving how cruelly they had been betrayed,

became utterly inconsolable, and retiring into a solitary part of Arcadia, soon after died of grief.

Medea in her aerial voyage passed over the mountains of Pelion and Othrys, and the places celebrated for the adventures of the antediluvian Cerambes, who was metamorphosed by the nymphs into a snail, under which form he gained the top of Mount Parnassus, and so escaped the destruction occasioned by the flood of waters that covered the face of the whole earth. Leaving to the left Pitane, a city of Eolia, where travellers were wont to observe with admiration the dragon that had been changed into a rock, she pursued her way over the fields where Mera, transformed into a dog, fills the air with her continual barkings, and over the island of Cos, where the women were once changed into cows. She then visited Rhodes, an island consecrated to Apollo, and celebrated for the growth of the most beautiful roses; here she saw the town of Ialysus, formerly inhabited by the Telchians, who were drowned by Jupiter for their wickedness. She soon left far behind her the antique wall of Cea, where Alcidamus with astonishment saw his daughter changed into a dove, and visited the beautiful fountain of Hyria, produced by the tears and subsequent metamorphosis of a

tender mother for the loss of a silly young son, who had precipitately thrown himself from the top of a rock into the sea, because his friend had refused to give him a ball. Near this place Medea stopped to see the city of Pleuron, where Combe took refuge from the wrath of her children, who sought to kill her; then continuing her course over various other places noted in the legends of ancient fable, she at length returned to her husband Jason, who, to save her from the fury of the enraged populace, fled with her to Corinth, where they lived together during ten years in great conjugal harmony; but their felicity was at last totally destroyed; for Jason became enamoured of the princess Glauce or Creusa, daughter of Creon, king of Corinth, and desiring to marry her, he determined to repudiate Medea. This artful woman concealed her resentment for some time, and even affected to be the friend of Glauce, to whom she made a present of an embroidered robe and a casket of jewels, which being prepared for the purpose by some magical process, caused the unhappy princess to take fire as soon as she had put them on. The flames communicated to the palace, and Creon and his family perished in the conflagration. Medea afterwards killed the two children she had had from her marriage with Jason, and

escaping to Athens, was kindly received by the king Ægeus, who ordered apartments to be prepared for her in his own palace.

Observations.—The vengeance of Medea exercised on the princess Glauce, and on her own children, is represented in three very fine basso-relievos in Rome. One is in the court of the Palazzo Larallotti; another on a marble sarcophagus in the court of the Palazzo Cauci, and a third in the Villa Borghese.

At Arles, in the south of France, is an antique group representing Medea drawing a dagger from its sheath to kill her children, who are imploring her pity.

In the museum of the Royal Academy at Mantua are five pieces of exquisite workmanship in basso-relievo. They represent the principal scenes in Euripides' tragedy of Medea. Jason, wearing a *chlamys* or cloak, appears in a thoughtful attitude at the door of the palace of Creon, king of Corinth. The front of the building is decorated with festoons of flowers for his approaching marriage with that monarch's daughter. Medea is seen sitting in her own apartment with an air of deep affliction; at her side stands an aged woman apparently instigating her to some act of vengeance. The second

group exhibits Hymen wearing a crown of roses and marjorum, bearing in one hand the nuptial torch, and in the other a bunch of poppies. Near him are the young sons of Medea, one bearing a casket together with a brilliant double crown, and the other holds a *peplum*, a large kind of mantle or shawl—fatal presents prepared by Medea for the young bride. On the ground are tablets inscribed with the act of divorce that annuls Jason's marriage with Medea. A third group represents Ægeus, who is a visitor at the court of Creon; and near him Jason armed in defence of his bride, whose cries, caused by the excruciating pain arising from the poisoned presents of her rival, seem to have spread alarm through the palace. The crown has set fire to the hair of the unfortunate Glauce, and the mantle sticks burning to her body; her father in an attitude of despair has thrown himself against a pedestal that supports a bust of Neptune, the divinity to whom the isthmus of Corinth was consecrated. A fourth group shows Medea drawing a poniard to destroy her children, who are innocently playing near her. The fifth and last exhibits Medea on a cloud, seated in a car drawn by two winged dragons, her countenance expressive of frenzy and horror at the infanticide she has just committed; the bodies of

the children are in the car; that of the eldest lies stretched at her feet, and she holds the other corpse upon one shoulder ready to launch it at the inconstant Jason, the father of these innocent victims.

There is a suite of apartments in the royal palace at Milan hung with tapestry, which displays in a superb style the various magical exploits and incantations of Medea.

Notes.—1 *Medea.* Pausanias, and Ælian, a Roman author, who lived in the time of the emperor Adrian, have attempted to exculpate Medea from all, or rather the greater part of the crimes laid to her charge. They accuse the Athenians of having killed her children, and say, that in order to clear themselves from the obloquy this atrocious act tended to entail upon them, they bribed the celebrated dramatist Euripides to bring Medea on the stage as a sorceress and a murderer, the destroyer even of her own children; not doubting that these representations would have the desired effect on the public mind, and prevent the knowledge of their crime from descending to posterity. It is remarkable, that in the nineteen tragedies of this author, which out of seventy-five are all that have been preserved to our day, the most criminal of his characters are generally women. The flagrant crimes attributed to the heroines and other females of his repre-

sentation, procured him the appellation of *woman-hater*. It is probable that the conduct of his own wives (for he was twice married) was such as to give him no very exalted idea of the virtues of the fair sex, as he found it expedient to divorce them both.

2 *Jason*. Some authors tell us, that subsequently to the tragical transactions here recounted, Jason made some considerable conquests in Asia, where he acquired so much glory, that after his death temples were erected to his honour; and that these were destroyed by Hephæstion, one of the officers of Alexander, under the pretext that this ancient Argonautic chief was not so great a man as his master.

It seems that after the voyage to and from Colchis the ship Argo, notwithstanding the sacredness of her masts and timbers, was hove or drawn up on the shore, and there exposed to the inclemency of the weather; for we are told, that one evening while Jason sat on the beach, overshadowed by the decaying ship, and meditating on the extraordinary events of his past life, a large piece of wood detaching itself from the hulk, fell upon him and killed him.

THESEUS.

ÆGEUS and Pallas were sons of Pandion the Second, king of Athens. After this monarch had been driven from his paternal dominions, and had succeeded to the throne of his father-in-law, Pylas, king of Megara, his eldest son Ægeus returned to Athens and recovered the kingdom, where he reigned in peace, the Pallantides (that is to say, the sons of his brother Pallas) hoping to succeed him on the throne.

Ægeus, however, was desirous of entering into the marriage state; being anxious to have a son who might be his legitimate successor, and prevent the crown of Athens from reverting to another branch of the family. The Pallantides on their part sought to frustrate this design, and kept a watchful eye upon his conduct. Ægeus dreaded the power and influence of these princes, and

feared to destroy their hopes, lest they should be provoked to hostilities that might ultimately deprive him of his regal power and possessions. In this state of perplexity he went to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. The answer he received was so very ambiguous that he could not understand it; he therefore determined to apply for an explanation of the mysterious sentence to Pittheus, king of Trezene, who was greatly renowned for his wisdom and learning.

Ægeus was kindly received by Pittheus, and by his daughter, the beautiful princess Æthra; with whom he became so much enamoured that, forgetting the purport of his visit, and troubling himself no farther about the meaning of the oracle, he abandoned himself entirely to the passion she had inspired, and in a short time became her husband. Pittheus, thinking however that it was of the highest importance that his marriage should remain a secret to the Pallantides, engaged Ægeus to return to his own kingdom, and leave Æthra at the court of Trezene. The Athenian monarch prepared to follow the advice of his father-in-law; but previous to his departure he drew Æthra aside into a solitary place, where he dug a hole in the ground, and placing therein his sandals and his sword, covered the spot with a huge stone; giving

his wife (who was in a state of pregnancy) strict injunctions that if she should have a son, he should be kept ignorant of his real descent, and be educated under the care and direction of Pittheus, till he should acquire strength enough to remove the stone and possess himself of the objects he had deposited underneath it. "With these," said he, "let him repair to Athens; and on the sight of them I will publicly acknowledge him to be my son."

A few months after the departure of Ægeus Æthra became the mother of a fine boy, to whom she gave the name of Theseus.[1] He was a goodly child, and Æthra nursed him with exemplary care. When his infant years were past, his grandfather appointed Chonnidas, a man of great virtue and learning, to be his preceptor. In the court of Trezene Theseus passed for a son of Neptune, who was worshipped as the presiding divinity of that city.

The rising genius, manly beauty, and extraordinary courage of the young prince, soon rendered him the ornament of the court, the pride of the people, and the dread and terror of their enemies.

At a proper time Theseus possessed himself of the sandals and sword, according to his father's directions; when, with the consent of his mother,

he repaired to Athens. He travelled by land, preferring a pedestrian journey. In his way he fought with and overcame the captains of numerous bands of robbers; of whom the most notorious were Corynetes, Scinis, Sciron, Cercyon, and Procrustes; all of them men of extraordinary strength and ferocity, and each of them famous for some peculiar species of torment, by which he inflicted death on the unhappy traveller who had the misfortune to fall into his hands. Theseus also destroyed Phæa, a monstrous sow that ravaged the country of Cromyon, and at last arrived safely at Athens, bearing the spoils of the formidable enemies of mankind, who had thus fallen victims to his strength and prowess.

The Athenian people received and hailed Theseus as their deliverer; and with loud acclamations proclaimed his victories over the robbers that had rendered the passes from one city to another almost impracticable by their depredations and cruelty. Ægeus gave orders that the heroic stranger should be lodged in the royal palace; and Theseus, being desirous of observing and investigating the qualities and character of this prince as a man and a sovereign, thought proper to conceal for a time the claims he had to make on his protection and kindness as a father.

Medea, who had nearly succeeded in her project of engaging Ægeus to marry her, was exceedingly alarmed at the presence of this young stranger, and was not long in discovering who he really was. Being certain, however, that the king did not yet know him to be his son, she persuaded that weak monarch that Theseus was a spy, who would probably avail himself of the enthusiasm and gratitude of the people to get possession of the throne and kingdom; and such was her influence on the mind of Ægeus, that she succeeded in obtaining from him a promise that he would with his own hands present to this fear-inspiring stranger a cup of poison, which she had prepared with the juice of aconite.

The next day there was a splendid banquet at the court, to which Theseus was invited. All was ready. The princes and nobles were assembled. The fatal cup was presented; when the young prince, drawing near to receive it, raised his sword aloft, brandishing it before the eyes of the king, who immediately recognised the weapon he had concealed at Trezene. Ægeus instantly dashed the cup to the ground, and publicly acknowledged Theseus to be his son.

Medea, to avoid the punishment due to her crime, disappeared in a cloud which she had raised

by her enchantments; and the Athenian people, repairing in crowds to the palace, hailed and blessed the day that had given them a prince who had already, by extraordinary acts of valour and prudence, proved himself the friend and deliverer of their country.

Observations.—In the Villa Albani is a basso-relievo representing in one part Ægeus, who in the presence of Æthra is hiding the sword and slippers; on the other Theseus, surrounded by his mother and her female attendants, is removing the enormous stone.

In the Farnese Gallery is a superb engraving on stone, which exhibits Theseus in the act of raising the mass of rock which covered the signs or tokens he was to convey to his father Ægeus.

There was a superb stone of this kind in the *Cabinet de Beaux Arts* at Orleans. It is said to be now in Russia.

A fine Grecian vase, in the Vatican palace, exhibits the horrid execution of Scinis, the tree-bender, one of the robbers whom Theseus caused to be put to death in the way by which he destroyed the travellers who fell into his power. In this piece Theseus appears crowned with olive; his hat thrown back from his head, as

princes and travellers are generally represented on Greek vases. Near him stands his friend Pirithous.

Note.—Theseus. This prince is said to have given an early promise of future valour by fetching a sword, when he was only seven years of age, to kill a lion which appeared to be lying on the ground in a vestibule of the palace of Pittheus. Several young persons, having perceived the monster, had fled away in terror. The infant Theseus approached with the hostile weapon, and found it was only a lion's skin. It seems that Hercules, being come to visit the king of Trezene, had thrown this Nemean spoil aside in a corner of the apartment.

ORIGIN OF THE HERB MYOCTONON OR ACONITE.

THE poisonous herb, from the juice of which Medea prepared the deadly potion for Theseus, is said by the poets to have sprung from the froth or foam that dropped from the mouths of the triple-headed Cerberus,[1] when, in spite of his howling and struggling, he was dragged out of Erebus, the gloomy empire of Pluto.

Hercules, of whom a more particular account will be given in a subsequent part of this work, was a Theban prince, who in point of bodily strength surpassed all the heroes of antiquity. He was nevertheless condemned by Jupiter to be subservient to the will of his cousin Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, for the space of twelve years; and Eurystheus, in the hope of causing the death of a rival whose power he dreaded, and of whose

virtues and fame he was envious and jealous, commanded him to perform actions of such extraordinary difficulty and danger, that many of them appeared to be utterly impossible; and all of them were such as could only be effected at the risk of his life. The perilous exploits and wonderful achievements performed in obedience to the commands of the king of Mycenæ are, by way of distinction, denominated *the twelve labours of Hercules.*

One of the tasks imposed on him by his royal persecutor was, to bring up from the infernal regions the three-headed dog that guarded the gates of hell and the palace of Pluto. Hercules accordingly presented himself before this grim and inexorable divinity; having found the way to his sombre domain by passing through a hole in a cavern of Mount Tænarus.

Pluto consented to let the hero carry off Cerberus on condition that he should accomplish his purpose by mere force, unaided by any arms or weapon whatever. This he effected; for having succeeded in fastening a chain of adamant round the neck of the grizzly monster, he dragged him forth from under the throne of Pluto, whither he had run to hide himself; and in spite of his growling, howling, and struggling, gained his

point, and presented himself before Eurystheus; who was so frightened at the sight, that he jumped into a brazen vessel to hide himself.

The froth which fell from the horrible mouths of this triple-headed captive penetrated deep into the ground; where, gradually assuming a form more dense, it became a substance which threw out fibres and roots; and from these sprang an herb of a deadly quality, to which naturalists have given the name of myoctonon or aconite. Of this poisonous plant there are many species; one of which being said to have the power of killing rats and mice by its smell only, obtained the name of rats-bane; other sorts are called wolfs-bane, dogs-bane, &c. We are told that there are some tribes of Indians who, to this day, dip their arrows in the juice of aconite to render their wounds mortal.

The country of Thessaly is overrun with poisonous herbs of divers qualities, among which is the cicuta; the juice of which was, by the penal laws of Athens and other Grecian states, presented to criminals condemned to death. These all received the general name of herbs of Cerberus; because in the fictions of the poets they are said to have made their first appearance after the event which is the subject of this tale or fable.

Il valore di Ercole ebbe Cerbero a scherno,
Quel mostro che sempre abbaja con tre teste,
Per forza incatenollo Ercole, e prese
E strascinollo al nostro almo paese.

Mentre quel mostro egli strascina, e tira
Per il mondo in cui splende il maggior lampo,
La bava che gli fa lo sdegno e l' ira,
Del suo crudo veneno empie ogni campo,
Di quella spuma poi, l' erba empie e fella
Nacque, ch' oggi Aconito il mondo appella.

ANG.

Observations.—A very fine cameo in the cabinet of the king of Prussia represents Hercules in the act of binding the terrible Cerberus, in order to which he is squeezing the monster between his legs; who, irritated at not being able to withdraw his triple head, has stuck his nails or claws into the flesh of the hero, who resolutely pursues his purpose unmindful of the pain. Hercules has one foot firmly resting against a stone, that is partly covered with the skin of the Nemean lion, which he has thrown from his shoulders as a preparative for his arduous enterprise; his muscles being prodigiously swollen, indicate the violent efforts of strength requisite for the fulfilment of the task he has undertaken. This beautiful piece is the work of Dioscorides, a celebrated sculptor who lived in the Augustan age. It is so perfect that

it seems to have served as a model for all subsequent representations of the kind. One of the finest copies is in the *Cabinet de Médailles* at Paris.

Polygnotus, a celebrated artist of Thasus, made a painting of this subject for the inhabitants of Delphi, who envied the Athenians the possession of his splendid representations of the various events of the Trojan war with which they had adorned their public halls and porticoes.

In the Palazzo Farnese in Rome is a fine painting of this subject by Annibale Caracci.

The most singular figure of Cerberus was brought from Egypt by Paul Lucas, and deposited in the cabinet of Monsieur de Boze. In this curious antique one of the monster's heads is human, another that of a monkey, and the third that of a dog : two enormous serpents entwine his heads, and pass in many foldings round his legs.

In the Museum Pio-Clementino is a fine piece of statuary exhibiting Hercules leading Cerberus in chains.

Note.—1 *Cerberus.* This monster was the watch-dog of the infernal regions; his office was to prevent the inhabitants from escaping. The living who visited these realms generally calmed his fury by giving him

a soporific cake. Hercules disdained to have recourse to this expedient, being determined to subdue him by mere force; and Orpheus, in his visit to this sombre domain (for which see tale of *Orpheus and Eurydice*), lulled him with the harmonious music of his lyre.

THE MYRMIDONS.

ANDROGEUS, son of Minos the Second, king of Crete, had visited Athens at the time of the Panathenea, festivals observed in honour of the goddess Minerva; and such were the address and strength of the young Cretan prince, that in the public games he carried off all the prizes. The amiable qualities and noble manners of Androgeus soon gained him the esteem of the Athenians, and particularly of the Pallantides, the nephews of the king Ægeus, who became very jealous of their friendship for his royal guest; and fearing that he might be drawn into a conspiracy against himself, caused him to be assassinated as he entered the village of Œnoe in his way to Thebes.

Minos, to avenge the death of his son, declared war against Athens; and after calling the aid of

divers people, inhabitants of the Cyclades and other islands, he went in person to demand assistance from Æacus king of Ægina, who was a prince of great merit, and above all remarkable for his strict integrity, as a reward for which he was after death appointed one of the three judges in the court of Pluto.

Flattered by the visit of the Cretan monarch, Æacus, accompanied by his three sons, Telamon, Peleus, and Phocus, went down to the water-side to receive him at his landing, and during his stay at Ægina treated him with the most princely hospitality. But Æacus was an ancient ally of the Athenians, and could not on any terms be prevailed on to accede to the request of Minos, who departed much dissatisfied, and not without some muttered menaces of war.

Scarcely had the Cretan fleet cleared out of the port of Ægina when an Athenian embassy, conducted by the venerable Cephalus, came to propose a renewal of their ancient alliance. Cephalus bearing in his hand an olive-branch, the emblem of peace, and accompanied by the princes Clyton and Butes, sons of Pallas, was introduced into the presence of Æacus; and having with much eloquence exposed the subject of his mission, Æacus laid his hand upon his sword, as a token of his

readiness to draw it in defence of the Athenians, and assured him that his troops were at their service. Cephalus then spoke in admiration of the youth and vigorous appearance of the soldiers, who had been sent to meet him at his arrival, and mentioned that he had remarked the absence of certain chiefs and heroes with whom he had formerly been acquainted. Æacus with a sigh informed him that they were no more, and then proceeded to give him an account of the awful calamity which had deprived him of their services.

"You cannot but have heard," said Æacus, "of the dreadful pestilence that lately threatened the utter depopulation of this beautiful island, which by bearing the name of Ægina, that I gave it in honour of my mother, became an object of hatred to the implacable goddess Juno, as it serves to perpetuate the remembrance of her rival, and is at the same time a memorial of the inconstancy of her husband. This pestilence, the bare recollection of which still fills my mind with horror, was sent as the instrument of her vengeance.

"As a forerunner of this dreadful calamity, the south wind blew without intermission for the space of four months, during which time the sky was frequently obscured by thick fogs, the waters of the lakes and fountains became turbid and un-

wholesome, and the land was covered with serpents, which communicated their venom even to the rivers. A mortal disease began to prevail; but the contagion seemed at first to confine itself to the brute creation. The air of the forests was infected by the putrified bodies of its wild inhabitants, while the labourer with consternation and terror beheld the hardy bullocks that led the plough, drop dead upon the furrows they had newly opened. Sheep, horses, dogs, birds, and animals of every kind, fell victims to this malignant distemper, the baneful influence of which at length spread itself among the human race. Persons attacked with this disease complained of burning pains in their entrails, their skin assumed a deep red colour, their tongues swelled to a prodigious size, their lips and mouths became dry and parched, and numbers, consumed by raging thirst, plunged into the lakes and rivers, and ended their cravings and their lives together. While on the land, men, women, and children, of every age and quality, were huddled together in one common grave. The worship of the penates was abandoned, the temples were filled with the dead bodies of suppliants, who came to pray for the life of those whom they held most dear. The altars were laden with offerings, while the priest

and the victim intended for the sacrifice fell dead together!

"Judge, O Cephalus, judge of the horror and dismay with which I beheld the scene of desolation which surrounded me! In the deepest humility of soul I deprecated the vengeance of heaven, and earnestly besought the sovereign of the gods to have pity on my people, and to restore my beloved subjects or permit me to descend with them into the grave. For a long time I seemed to utter an unavailing prayer; but the gods were at length propitious; for one day, as I was preferring my petition, with a heart almost bereft of hope, a thick dark cloud suddenly obscured the sky, the forked lightnings played round my feet, and the air was rent by loud peals of thunder. O Jupiter! cried I, be this a presage of good to my miserable people! I accept this token of thy favour with gratitude and devotion! I then turned my steps towards my palace.

"Evening began to draw her dusky veil over the earth, and I was still wandering and meditating. While I was thus indulging my pensive reflections, I happened to cast my eyes on a venerable oak, which had sprung from an acorn gathered in the sacred groves of Dodona; and perceiving that this majestic tree was covered with ants

busied in seeking and amassing their store of provision, I knelt down, exclaiming, O Jupiter! O my father, deign to repeople my wasted and depopulated fields and cities with subjects numerous as these pismires! A rustling noise instantly issued from among the leaves: the branches of the tree, notwithstanding the extraordinary calmness of the weather, became violently agitated, and the insects all fell to the ground. Struck with what I had seen, I entered into my apartment, and retired to rest. I slept, and in my sleep dreamed that all the pismires were transformed into men. In the morning I was roused by the voice of my son Telamon, who came to awake me in haste, and praying me to go with him to the oak to witness a prodigy that had struck him with astonishment. This was the sight of ants rising from the earth and gradually assuming the form of human beings, many of whom had already attained the full size of adults. I consented to accompany him. On our way we were met by incredible numbers of these ant-sprung men, who joyfully saluted me as their sovereign. The pestilence now ceased entirely, and I divided the unclaimed lands in equal portions amongst my new subjects, who are a hardy, industrious, frugal race of people; and I have, on

account of their origin, given them the general name of Myrmidons.[1] These, O Cephalus! these are the young and vigorous soldiers, some of whom you have already seen, all equal in youth and vigour. They will follow you to the war, as soon as the wind shall prove favourable for your departure."

Note.—1 *Myrmidons.* This fable is founded on the retreat of the subjects of Æacus into the woods, caverns, and distant mountains, with a view to escape the dreadful contagion which ravaged and depopulated the towns and cities. Of these wretched fugitives, only such as were in the prime of life, robust and vigorous, were found capable of resisting the hardships they had to endure in their retreat; all the infants and old persons died; so that when the contagion had ceased, the inhabitants of Ægina, and particularly the troops, were found to be all nearly of the same age.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

THE next morning, as the wind was still contrary and unfavourable to the departure of the Athenians, the sons of Pallas repaired to the apartment of Cephalus, in order to accompany him on a visit to the king. The monarch was still fast asleep, so they were received by his son the young prince Phocus, who conducted them into a retired but magnificent apartment, where he entertained them with great kindness, while his brothers Telamon and Peleus went to assemble and review the troops destined for the defence of Athens. After conversing on a variety of subjects, the young prince remarked the extraordinary beauty of the gold-pointed javelin which Cephalus bore in his hand, and inquired of what species of wood it was formed, observing that he had never before seen any so beautiful. Cephalus replied that he did

not know the name of the wood, but assured the prince that the utility of the instrument as a weapon of defence or assault was greatly superior to its beauty; as its course was unerring, the wounds it gave were always mortal; and that it had, besides, the wonderful quality of returning punctually to the hands of its master after having performed its office. The old veteran wept over this dart, and observed that it was a fatal present which he had received from the hands of a beloved wife who was now no more, but whose memory was still unspeakably dear to him. The young prince with much delicacy intimated a wish to know something of her story; and Cephalus thus began:

"I am now advanced to an age that is seldom accorded to the sons of men. In my youth I married Procris, the sister of Orithyia, queen of Thrace. Procris was a beautiful and amiable woman, and I loved her sincerely. Our fondness increased in proportion as we became better acquainted with each other; but, alas! I had one failing, which proved the ruin of our domestic happiness;—this was an undue and extravagant devotedness to the pleasures of the chase. Scarcely a day dawned that did not already find me in pursuit of the game. I had hardly been married

two months when, going out one morning according to custom, I ascended to the summit of Mount Hymettus, where I amused myself in laying snares for the deer that frequented this mountain in great numbers. Here I was perceived by the goddess Aurora, who, unfortunately for my happiness and that of my beloved Procris, conceived a violent affection for me. Piqued at my indifference, she seized me with her rosy fingers, strong, alas! as they are beautiful, and placing me in her brilliant car, bore me away into the immeasurable fields of ether; but vain were her endeavours to make me forget my beloved Procris. I talked of her incessantly, wept, sighed, and was inconsolable; insomuch that Aurora was wearied with my lamentations, and after some days sent me back to my wife. 'Cease thy complaints, ungrateful man,' said she, 'return to thy Procris, but know that the time will come in which thou wilt repent of having loved her.' Struck with terror at this dreadful prediction, I instantly conceived suspicions injurious to the honour of my beloved Procris, and immediately resolved to put her fidelity to the proof. For this purpose I disguised myself, and proceeded towards my home, into which I had the greatest difficulty to get admittance. An air of mourning pervaded the whole house; Procris

appeared pale and wasted with grief; she talked of the subject that lay nearest her heart, and embittered all her enjoyments. Being introduced to her presence as a friend of the lost Cephalus, I made use of all my eloquence to console her: and at length changing the conversation, I spoke of some rich merchandise that had been committed to my care, and some of which I was commissioned to sell, and I thus took an opportunity of showing her some very magnificent ornaments, enriched with a variety of precious stones, and particularly with diamonds of immense value, some of which I begged she would do me the favour to accept, persuading her at the same time to quit her mourning habit, and as Cephalus was no more, to think of forming a second matrimonial connexion. I concluded my discourse by proposing myself as her lover. For a considerable time she rejected my overtures; but at last, being dazzled with the idea of my immense riches, and seduced by my brilliant promises, she seemed for a moment to forget her sorrow, and to reflect with some complacency on the union I had proposed.

"I instantly became furious, and discovering myself, reproached her in very harsh terms, and making many bitter reflections on her inconstancy.

Procris being covered with shame and confusion, fled away into the woods, and was received among the attendants of Diana, with whom she became a favourite, and from whom she received a present of a dog that was always sure of his prey, and a dart that never missed its aim, and that possessed, besides, the extraordinary quality of returning of its own accord to the hand of the person who threw it.

"The society of my dear Procris was essential to my happiness. I became inconsolable for her loss, and sought her with unceasing anxiety. It was long before I could obtain her pardon; but my tears and entreaties at length prevailed. She returned to me, and, as a mark of her affection, gave me the dog and the dart which she had received from the goddess Diana.

"Lelaps (for that was the name of the dog) was soon after transformed into a stone while in pursuit of a monster which Themis had sent to ravage the country of Thebes, after the death of the sphinx,[1] who had dashed herself to pieces against the rocks because Œdipus had explained her enigma or riddle, which had caused the death of so many travellers, whom she had wickedly destroyed because they could not expound it. The monster

that Lelaps pursued shared the same fate with himself. They were both petrified, the one in fleeing, the other in pursuing.

"I was grieved at the loss of my dog; but this loss did not induce me to abandon the pleasures of the chase.[2] My unerring dart still remained, and enabled me to destroy the ferocious beasts of the forests, and to procure an abundance of game.

"One fine summer's evening, as I was returning home fatigued with my favourite exercise, I stretched myself under the shade of a tree, and called upon the refreshing breeze to come and cool me. Poets have named this breeze *Aura*, and I unfortunately made use of this poetical name. A passenger happened to hear me, and related what he had heard to Procris, who, imagining that Aura was the name of some favourite rival, stole, a few days after, to the wood where I was accustomed to seek refreshment and repose, and concealed herself among the bushes. As I lay reclining in the shade, I soon began to call as usual upon Aura. Procris started, and caused a rustling among the branches and leaves by which she was closely surrounded. Supposing that the noise was occasioned by the movement of some animal, I instantly threw my javelin, directing it

to the spot from whence the sound had issued. A piercing cry succeeded. It went to my heart! I flew to the spot, and found my Procris in the agonies of death. She knew me, and besought me not to marry Aura after her decease. She lived just long enough to hear my explanation of the incident that had caused this awful catastrophe, and then expired in my arms, assuring me of her affection and forgiveness."

During the recital of this tragical story the young prince frequently mingled his tears with those of the aged chief. They were soon after joined by the king Æacus, and his sons Telamon and Peleus, followed by a chosen body of troops, who were to accompany the venerable ambassador in his return to Athens.

Observations.—At Velia, a maritime town of Lucania in Italy, there exists an antique figure of a sphinx with the hind-legs and tail of a horse. This sphinx served as an ornament for the helmet of a colossal statue of Minerva. The Etruscans gave their *fauni* the feet and long tail of a horse, several of which figures in bronze may be seen in the gallery of St. Ignatius in Rome.

The emperor Augustus used a seal that bore the impression of a sphinx.

In the Palazzo Farnese is a superb fresco painting, which exhibits Aurora carrying away Cephalus. It is the work of Annibale Caracci.

In 1819, Il Signor Luigi Marchesi received the premium from the Royal Academy of Arts at Milan for an exquisitely beautiful group in marble representing the death of Procris, who is expiring in the arms of the unhappy Cephalus. It is impossible to describe the fine expression of these figures. To be duly appreciated, they must be seen. Il Signor Luigi Marchesi is a young sculptor of fine talent, who has studied at Milan and Rome from the models of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Canova.

Notes.—1 *Sphinx.* This was a monster sent by Juno to annoy the inhabitants of Thebes, whom she hated on account of the founder of their capital, the renowned Cadmus. This extraordinary being had the head, neck, and bust, of a woman, the body of a lion, the wings of a bird, and the tail of a dragon. It infested the roads leading to the city, seizing on all travellers, and proposing to them a riddle to be explained on pain of death. An incredible number of persons having been destroyed by the sphinx, who, according to the decrees of Destiny, was doomed to perish as soon as her enigma should be explained, Creon king of the country

promised his crown and his sister in marriage to him who should cause the death of this monster by an explanation of her mysterious propositions. Œdipus (of whom see an account in the "Sequel") passing that way, was seized, and the sphinx insisted on his informing her what animal was that which in the morning walks on four legs, at noon on two, and in the evening on three. The captive instantly replied, "That animal is man, who in his infancy goes on all-fours, in maturer life walks erect on two legs, and in old age supports himself on a stick, which may be considered as three." The sphinx hearing this explanation, instantly dashed her head against a rock, and was killed by the blow.

The Grecians borrowed their idea of this monster from the Egyptians, among whom the sphinx was a symbol of religion. Plutarch tells us, that sphinxes were placed before the doors of their temples, to denote that the science of sacred things was always enveloped in enigmas and mystery.

The form of the sphinx being that of a woman and a lion, of which the signification is not certainly known, it has been conjectured that the head and bust represent the zodiacal sign Virgo, and the body that of Leo; for when the sun arrives in these signs, the waters of the Nile overflow the banks; and we know that there scarcely existed a religious symbol in all Egypt that did not in some way or other allude to the phenomena of that river. Some travellers have sup-

posed that it was for this reason that the Egyptians almost always ornamented their fountains, or terminated the pipes through which the water was conducted, with the head of a lion, a custom which has prevailed even in Europe.

About four miles from the city of Cairo is a colossal figure of a sphinx cut in the native granite, of which only the head and neck are visible, the body being entirely buried in the sand. The crown of the head is eighteen feet from the ground. It is a matter of doubt among the learned, whether this enormous figure is sculptured on a block formed there by nature, or whether it was originally brought thither. This can only be ascertained by digging under the sphinx, which has been attempted, but without success, on account of the prodigious depth of the sand. A subterraneous gallery has, however, been found, that leads through part of the body to the mouth, and accounts for the oracles it was heretofore said to utter. The sound issuing through the mouth from this immense hollow gallery is tremendously loud, and was doubtless heard with awe by the credulous multitude, as the voice of the Supreme God.

2 *Chase.* It has been frequently observed that a passion for any amusement, or even for any study, however useful in itself, when pursued to the neglect of the most essential, the every-day duties of life, generally ends in the ruin of the intemperate pursuer.

It appears that Cephalus, by his extravagant
undue attachment to field-sports, caused the de
an amiable and beloved wife. It is said that for
involuntary murder he was condemned to perp
exile by a sentence of the Areopagus.

SIEGE OF MEGARA.

EARLY on the following morning Cephalus embarked with his suite, accompanied by a considerable body of brave Myrmidons, and other troops destined by Æacus for the defence of Athens. The wind soon shifted to the south, and the fleet leaving the port with the advantage of a favourable gale, soon reached its place of destination.

Minos had already advanced a numerous army into Achaia, and proceeding into the Athenian territory, had marked his way with that desolation which usually indicates the march of an enemy. He now collected his troops, and laid siege to the city of Megara, which was governed by Nisus, a brother of Ægeus, under the title of king.

The Cretan army had surrounded this city for nearly nine months, without any apparent advan-

tage, as the Megarians made a resolute and
ful resistance; and in the skirmishes that
sionally took place, the fortune of war seem
be nearly equal on both sides.

Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, was accust
to pass much of her time in a room near the
a tower, which overlooked the walls of the
The divine Apollo having on some occasion
this apartment (some authors say that he bui
tower), had laid down his golden lyre, the s
of which had rested in the stones of the buil
The young princess was wont to amuse herse
drawing out these melodious vibrations, whic
effected by hitting the wall with small piec
flint. From the window of this Apollonicon
ment Scylla had a full view of the enemy's c
and in the course of this long siege, she had le
the names of many of the Dictean troops,
their respective officers, and could distinguish
decorations, arms, habits, and horses, of each.
nos above all the rest attracted her attention;
eyes were constantly directed towards the war
banner that distinguished and adorned his te
When he appeared she was lost in admiration of
his person; and giving way to an inordinate desire
of being noticed by him, and of conversing with
him, she at last formed the wicked resolution of

betraying the city into his power, by presenting the royal besieger a most extraordinary lock of hair, of a gold, or, according to some authors, of a purple colour, which grew on her father's head, and on the preservation of which, according to the prediction of an oracle, all the success and happiness of his life depended. This unnatural daughter had the folly to imagine, that Minos would be quite overcome by such an unexampled proof of affection, and consent to marry her. In vain her conscience upbraided her with the cruelty, the atrocity of the crime she meditated. She heeded not the warning voice! Blind passion was her only guide! and stifling every feeling of filial tenderness, every suggestion of filial duty, she stole softly into the apartment in which her father slept, and in evil hour deprived him of the sacred lock, the loss of which she well knew would subject him to defeat and captivity, perhaps even to immediate death.

Possessed of this treasure, Scylla pursued her way to the camp, and being introduced into the presence of Minos, she threw herself at his feet, and thus addressed him: "Illustrious monarch! Mighty Love at this instant delivers the daughter of Nisus, her country and her destiny, into your hands. If this action be a crime, it is that of a heart alive only to the sentiment you have inspired. Take

this lock of hair. On it depends the fate of my father. Your love is the only recompense I ask for this important service!"

Minos, struck with horror, refused the abominable present, and drove this wicked, this unnatural daughter from his presence with the strongest expressions of contempt and abhorrence.

Fuggi malvagia e rea, da gli occhi miei
Fuggi, dall' ira mia, dalle mie tende,
Non conversar con gli uomini Dittei.
O! del secol presente infamia e scorno!
Celati in parte, ove non splenda il giorno.

Va, che non sol del regno alto e giocondo
Gli Dei, gli empi occhi tuoi privin per sempre;
Ma ti neghino il mare, e 'l nostro mondo,
Finchè 'l composto tuo si sfaccia e stempre:
Stia l' alma poi nel regno atro e profondo,
Mentre rotan del ciel l' eterne tempre;
Va, che 'l tuo volto, e 'l tuo fiero costume
Giammai quaggiù fra noi si scoprà al lume.

ANG.

The good fortune of Nisus having abandoned him on the loss of his precious lock of hair, the city of Megara[2] became an easy conquest; and Minos having established therein a Dictean garrison, made preparations for his return to Crete. Scylla seeing the fleet about to weigh anchor, threw herself off a precipice into the sea, being determined

to follow the Cretan monarch or to die. In her fall she was metamorphosed into a lark, under which form she is constantly pursued by her father, who was at the same time transformed into a kite, a bird of prey which is very destructive to the smaller tribes of the feathered race.

Notes.—1 *Conscience* is a monitor which the Supreme Author of our existence has placed within our breasts; a monitor whose *still small voice* may be considered as the breathings of the good principle, the guardian angel, or the Holy Spirit, whose admonitions and injunctions, if followed and obeyed, will, by inducing habits of virtue, infallibly lead to peace, to happiness, to God! Disobedience to the voice of this heavenly guide induces remorse and a consequent sense of unworthiness, which drive the offender from the presence of that Being whose approbation he feels he has forfeited, and he plunges into the grossest excesses of guilt, or seeks to regain the divine favour by the foolish, spirit-cramping absurdities of religious superstition; which, while they "freeze the genial current of the soul," never fail to engender bigotry, intolerance, and all those ignoble persecuting feelings that are most contrary to that spirit of Christian *charity*, which, in the emphatical language of holy writ, is said to be "*the fulfilling of the law.*"

2 *Megara.* This is a city of Achaia, which still preserves its ancient name. It was founded 1131 years before the Christian era, and was the capital of a country called Megaris. It is seated on the gulf of Engia, anciently called Sinus Sironicus. The town is built upon two rocks, on each of which stood a fortress, one of them said to be constructed by Apollo, who by laying down his lyre on some of the stones, communicated to them the musical sounds which Scylla was wont to draw out by striking the walls. This city was remarkable for its fine edifices, and particularly for the great number of temples, statues, and other religious monuments which it contained, some account of which will be given in the "Sequel" to this work.

It is melancholy to reflect that the story of Scylla is founded on historical fact. Several ancient writers have mentioned the wickedness and treachery of this unnatural daughter, and observe that Scylla used to pass much of her time in an apartment that commanded a very extensive prospect, and having windows on all sides, so that it was cheered by the rays of the sun from the time of his rising in the east to that of his setting in the west; it was distinguished by the name of the Tower of Apollo. Here the princess used to play on her harp, and by the melody and sweetness of the music attracted the attention of the Dictean officers. The siege being protracted to a tedious length, Minos began to revolve in his mind some plans of gaining the city by stratagem; and in this view, he at length deter-

mined to make love to the young Megarian princess, who on her part conceived such an undue attachment for him, that she neglected all her other connexions, forgot every relative duty, and at length consented to open the gates of the city, having stolen the keys (called by the poets the sacred lock of hair) from her father whilst he slept. Minos profited of this crime, but held the criminal in such detestation, that he ordered her to be hanged on the mast of his ship, and afterwards caused her body to be thrown into the sea in the presence of all his soldiers.

Nisus has been described as a man of impatient character, and though well-meaning, very susceptible, and apt to be angry and choleric. This infirmity might probably render him unpleasant in his family connexions, but could in no wise justify or even palliate a breach of filial duty in his daughter. Happy the child who, in the hand of the Almighty, becomes the honoured instrument of tender mercy to an erring parent! "Honour thy father and thy mother" is a divine command, the breach of which must inevitably entail bitter remorse, agonising repentance, or that final punishment which God has reserved for the disobedient, the workers of iniquity. If in the common relation of man to man we are enjoined to "*overcome evil with good,*" what ought to be our conduct towards an affectionate parent, the appointed author of an existence, for the privilege of which we hope to bless God through the countless ages of eternity!

The labyrinth was formed upon a plan so complicated, that it was deemed utterly impossible for a stranger who entered it ever to find his way out. Dædalus is said to have taken his idea of this intricate building from the extraordinary course of the Meander, a river of Phrygia, which in its long progress to the sea makes above six hundred turnings.

Twice had the Athenians made the tribute exacted by the Cretan monarch, and were now preparing for a third, when the heroic Theseus, fired with indignation at the cruelty of Minos in this reiterated requisition of the blood and lives of the innocent, implored his father to let him be sent to Crete as one of the fourteen victims, declaring that he had a strong persuasion of his being appointed by the gods to destroy the minotaur; at whose death, according to the stipulated articles of peace, this tribute was to cease for ever. "For me," said Theseus,—"for me have the gods reserved the glory of delivering my country and my young companions from this humiliating and calamitous subjection." With great difficulty he prevailed on Ægeus to consent to his departure.

The victims of this cruel tribute were chosen by lot; and a variety of solemn and mournful religious ceremonies were performed previous to their

embarkation. The ship destined for their conveyance was painted black, and rigged with black sails and cordage. Theseus having consulted an oracle on the result of this expedition, was answered thus: "Love shall be thy guide." These words were of ambiguous meaning; but as they seemed to involve a prediction of victory rather than of defeat, the young prince left the temple animated with hope and joy. He now again assured his father that he should kill the minotaur, and come back victorious. He then promised to give the earliest notice of his triumph by causing, on his voyage of return, a white flag to be hoisted at the top of the mast, which by floating over the black sails of the vessel, would be perceived at a great distance.

The ship sailed amidst the wailings and lamentations of the people, and after a short voyage entered safely into the Cretan port, where, happily for the poor devoted victims, the princess Ariadne being present when they were brought into the presence of her father, fell desperately in love with the Athenian prince; and being resolved to save, if possible, the life of this dear object of her affections, she contrived to put him in possession of a clue of thread, accompanied with directions how to use it so as to find his way out of the

labyrinth, into which he and his unfortunate companions were about to be introduced.

Theseus attacked and killed the minotaur; and, aided by the clue which Ariadne had given him, escaped with the Athenian youths and maidens; and they left Crete accompanied by the enamoured princess, to whose love for Theseus they were primarily indebted for their deliverance. In their way the ship touched at the island of Naxos, where, according to common report, the ungrateful prince of Athens had the cruelty to abandon the kind princess, to whose affection he owed his life together with the lives of his young companions. Some authors, however, exculpate him from this heinous crime, affirming that she was stolen from him by Bacchus,[1] the tutelar divinity of the island.

The ship now proceeded towards Athens. The white flag, by some unaccountable fatality, was forgotten to be hoisted. Ægeus, watching for the return of his son, observed the vessel entering the port without the promised signal of victory, and being overwhelmed with grief and despair, he threw himself into the sea, and was drowned. To commemorate this sad event, that part of the Mediterranean sea which lies between Greece and Asia Minor obtained the name of the Ægean sea. It is now called the Archipelago.

Bacchus, whether he had in the first instance stolen the lovely Ariadne, or whether he had found her in deep affliction lamenting the departure of Theseus, was now near her in the island of Naxos, striving by every argument in his power to console her for the loss of her Athenian lover. In this attempt he ultimately succeeded, and obtained her consent to an hymeneal union.

Among the ornaments of Ariadne's nuptial dress was a splendid crown, said to be one of the most beautiful works of Vulcan. Some authors say it was given to her by Bacchus; others, that it was a bridal present from the goddess Venus; others again assert it to have been the gift of Theseus, who received it from the hands of Amphitrite; while some affirm that it belonged to the princess previous to her acquaintance with Theseus; and that she had even lent it to that prince to light him, by its bright unborrowed lustre, through the dark avenues of the minotaurian labyrinth. Be this as it may, Bacchus having determined to immortalise the name of his beloved princess, took the brilliant diadem from her head and threw it up into the air; where, as it continued to ascend, the diamonds and other precious stones that were thrown off by the velocity of its heaven-directed progress, flamed into stars, and formed a con-

stellation, which is to this day called the *Crown of Ariadne.*[2]

Observations.—At Aix there is a fine picture in mosaic, which represents the combat of Theseus with the minotaur.

In the royal cabinet of Vienna is a beautiful engraving by *Filemone,* that exhibits the triumph of Theseus over the minotaur, which lies dead at his feet.

The museum of ancient paintings at Portici, which contains the works of art taken from the ruined cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is very curious and interesting. The paintings are chiefly on stucco, and have been removed with great skill and care. They are no less various in merit than in design. One of the finest in this collection exhibits Theseus in the flower of his age, and the full bloom of manly beauty, holding in one hand a large club, with which he appears to have killed the minotaur. The dead body of the monster lies stretched at his feet; and the thirteen young Athenians are pressing forward to kiss the hand of their deliverer.

Innumerable are the representations of this curious subject in sculpture, basso-relievo, and painting; and there exist several Athenian medals

in bronze which are impressed with these figures. Some artists have given the minotaur the body of a bull with a man's head, and others the body of a man with a bull's head.

In the gallery of statues in the museum Pio-Clementino is a beautiful sleeping Ariadne abandoned by Theseus.

A painting taken from Herculaneum represents Ariadne when abandoned by Theseus. She is just awaking from a profound sleep, and is sitting on a richly-embroidered cushion, under the shadow of a rock that projects towards the sea. Her head, neck, and breast, are bare; the rest of her body is covered with a rich mantle, one end of which she is lifting to prevent its being wetted by the waves: she wears large heavy-looking gold bracelets and pearl ear-rings: at her side stands a weeping amarino, or cupid, with one hand raised to his eyes, in the other he holds a dart and a bow unstrung. On the other side is a female figure with wings, who rests her left hand on the shoulder of the princess, and with the right points to the far-distant ship that is conveying Theseus to Athens.

In a cabinet of the museum Pio-Clementino is a vaulted ceiling painted by Domenichino; it exhibits Ariadne at the moment of her being found

by Bacchus. This museum contains also an admirable bust of Ariadne.

The marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne is displayed on a very fine antique in the cabinet of the King of France; a copy of which has been engraven on stone by Madame la Haye for the Marquis de Maffey.

Notes.—1 *Bacchus.* An acquaintance with the French and Italian tongues is, among young persons of the present day, so general as to render an apology for quotations in those languages unnecessary, and a translation of them into English superfluous. We shall therefore present our readers with Bacchus' own account of his meeting with Ariadne, as related in that elegant little work entitled "Lettres à Emilie," by Monsieur Dumoutier. Bacchus, addressing his discourse to the goddess Venus, thus began:

"Vous savez, Déesse, que je dois le jour à Semele, fille de Cadmus, frère d'Europe, qui a donné son nom à la plus belle partie de l'univers. Vous n'ignorez pas le terrible événement qui a causé la mort de ma mère. Jupiter versant des larmes, me recueillit parmi les cendres de la belle Semele, et me mit dans sa cuisse, où il me porta jusqu'au terme de ma naissance. Alors Mercure, par son ordre, me confia aux nymphes de la montagne de Nysa, en me recommandant à leurs

soins. Ces fidelles nourrices, en récompense de leur tendresse pour moi, brillent maintenant au milieu des astres sous le nom des *Hyades*. Quand je sortis de leurs bras, le bon Silène devint mon precepteur. Il étoit toujours monté sur son âne, et c'est à lui que je dois mes premières leçons d'équitation. Il étoit renommé pour la bonhomie de son caractère; il étoit joyeux et tendre; il buvoit, il rioit, il chantoit; et les nymphes, les bergers, les dryades et les sylvains rioient en chœur, et répétoient les refrains de ses chansons.

" Formé par les leçons de ce bon maître, je résolus dès ma jeunesse de marcher sur les traces des héros, et de surpasser la gloire des plus illustres conquérants. Mais les idées de conquêtes que Silène m'avoit données n'avoient rien de sanguinaire. Je voulois faire des heureux, et non pas des esclaves, et les peuples échappés à ma puissance devoient envier le sort des vaincus.

" Mon plan étant ainsi conçu, je partis à la tête d'une armée innombrable. J'étois monté sur un char traîné par deux tigres, et précédé d'une troupe joyeuse d'hommes, de femmes, de bacchants, de faunes, de sylvains, et de nymphes, tous armés de thyrses, le même symbole qui me servoit de sceptre, tandis que le pampre formoit mon diadême.

" Bientôt la Renommée annonça aux peuples des Indes qu'un fils de Jupiter s'avançoit pour les conquérir. Ces peuples me croyant héritier de la foudre, s'enfuirent à mon approche; mais, revenu de leur première terreur, ils accoururent en foule au-devant de

leur nouveau maître. Alors, au lieu d'exiger d'eux des tributs et des ôtages, je leur dis :

" ' Que vos champs incultes soient ensemencés, que les jeunes ceps soient plantés le long de vos côteaux. Que vos riants vallons soient remplis de troupeaux. Soyez libres ! Soyez heureux ! Je n'ai autre objet en vue que votre bonheur ! Allez, soumettez-vous, et buvez au vainqueur.'

" En peu de tems tous les peuples subirent mes loix ; toutes les villes m'ouvrirent leurs portes, et je comptois mes jours par mes victoires. Enfin ayant achevé la conquête des provinces de l'Inde, et divers autres pays, je quittai mes sujets, en leur disant : ' Je confie à vos soins les pays que j'ai conquis : je vous ai rendu heureux. Soyez mes amis, et que le souvenir de votre bon maître reste dans vos cœurs.'

" Je revins alors triomphant, et traversai toutes ces belles contrées, où je rencontrois à chaque pas les paisibles monuments de mes victoires. Je voyois la moisson dorer les champs fertiles, les troupeaux bondir dans les vallées, les arbres et les vignes couronner les côteaux de fruits et de verdure ; et, comparant ces campagnes à celles où tant de héros ont acquis une gloire si cruelle, je me disois avec une joie secrette, Je n'ai pas abreuvé ces plaines du sang de mes nouveaux sujets : ils n'ont vu briller dans mes mains autre fer, que celui qui est consacré à la divine Cérès, le soc de la charrue, les instruments du labourage.

" Enfin je m'embarquai, emportant les regrets et

l'amour des peuples que j'avois conquis : mes vaisseaux étoient couronnés de pampres verts ; la vigne s'entrelaçoit autour des mâts et des cordages, et nous présentoit ses grappes vermeilles : les matelots en exprimoient le nectar, chantoient les plaisirs de la vendange. Les nymphes d'Amphitrite, attirées par leurs chants, environnoient nos vaisseaux, élevant au-dessus les flots leurs seins de lis et leurs bras plus blancs que la neige. Les Zéphyrs battant les ailes caressoient ces charmantes filles de l'Océan, et leurs douces haleines nous faisoient voguer paisiblement sur les plaines liquides.

" Bientôt nous apperçumes l'île de Naxos, comme un nuage sur l'horizon : peu-à-peu ses rochers parurent sortir du sein des eaux. Les arbres antiques qui la couronnent sembloient élever leurs têtes majestueuses à mesure que nous approchions de ses rivages. Je résolus de m'arrêter dans cette île ; je la trouvai déserte ; mais je ne sais quel charme secret m'inspiroit sa solitude ! Une voix intérieure sembloit me dire, 'Jusqu'à ce jour, O Bacchus, ton cœur n'a connu que la gloire ; ici tu connoîtras l'amour.' Attiré par cette douce rêverie, je m'égarai seul dans ce désert enchanté, je croyois entendre l'Echo soupirer ! Plus j'avançois, plus ces accents devenoient tendres et plaintifs ; enfin j'arrivai près d'un rocher au pied duquel la mer brisoit ses vagues blanchissantes. Tout-à-coup je vois une femme qui sort d'une grotte voisine et s'élance vers les flots ; mais, plus prompt que la

toutes, je me précipite à sa rencontre, et la retiens dans mes bras. La douceur l'avait abandonnée, l'effroi la saisit; elle pousse un cri perçant, me regarde, et tombe évanouie: je n'ai pas besoin, Déesse, de vous dire que cette femme éplorée n'était autre que *la belle Ariadne*.' A ces mots Vénus avec un sourire de dépit interrompit le discours de Bacchus en appelant la divine Hébé. La jeune déesse approche en rougissant, et les yeux baissés verse le nectar; Bacchus distrait lui présente sa coupe, soupit, et suspend son récit."

2 *Crown of Ariadne.* On modern celestial globes this constellation is traced in the form of a crown; but on the Farnese globe, which is the oldest now existing in the world, it is delineated as a wreath or garland of flowers and leaves, the two ends being tied together with a ribbon, and causing it to form a circle. This last representation is more analogous to the original meaning of the word gem (gemma), which signified a bud or leaf; but is now frequently used to express a precious stone, a brilliant ornament, a jewel.

DÆDALUS AND ICARUS.

DÆDALUS[1] being accused before Minos of having favoured the escape of the princess Ariadne, and also of being the confidant of some illicit connexions of his queen Pasaphae, was sentenced by his royal master to be imprisoned for life, together with his son Icarus, in the labyrinth which he had constructed.

This ingenious artificer, as may naturally be supposed, passed the time of his captivity in projecting means of escape. For one whole year his contrivances were all vain and ineffectual; till at length he resolved upon making some large wings, by the help of which he hoped that he and his son might soar away from the top of the labyrinth, where they were permitted to walk every day, for a short time, in order to breathe the fresh air. The

wings were completed, and presented a new and striking proof of the skill and ingenuity of this able and celebrated mechanic. It was no easy matter, however, to fix them to the shoulders; and he found that he could do this only by means of wax, a substance which seemed to be but ill adapted to his purpose: nevertheless, he contrived to render this fastening pretty secure, and having exercised these pinions for some time in the interior of the labyrinth, and given his son some necessary instructions and precautions respecting their use, they watched a favourable opportunity, and took their flight into the unknown regions of the air.

Il pescatore che su lo scoglio siede
E la tremante canna, e l' amo adopra,
Stupisce di quegli uomini che vede
Con l' ali, come augei, volar di sopra.
Fà fermare il bifolco, a' tori il piede,
E per mirargli lascia il solco e l' opra,
Tutti per rimirargli alzano i lumi,
E conchiudon poi, che sian celesti numi.

ANG.

Already had our winged fugitives passed the islands of Delos and Paros, and had left far to the right those of Lebynthos and Calydna, when Icarus, delighted with this aërial voyage, and forgetting the instructions of his father, soared away beyond

the clouds, and approaching at last too near to the burning rays of the sun, the wax by which his wings were fastened melted, and he fell headlong into the sea and was drowned. From this catastrophe that part of the Archipelago obtained the name of the Icarian sea. It washes the islands of Mycone and Gyaros.

Dædalus having lost sight of his son, expressed his grief with tears and lamentations; and after some time he had a certain token of his fate in seeing his wings floating on the water.

The corpse of Icarus was found; and the unhappy father proceeded to perform the funeral obsequies, burying him in the island near which he had so unfortunately perished. During this solemn and mournful ceremony, Dædalus observed a partridge which kept close to him, continually fluttering its wings, and giving signs of content and gladness; and he soon learned with surprise and remorse that this was the bird into which Talus, his sister's son, had been metamorphosed when thrown down, by this his jealous uncle, from the top of the temple of Minerva.

Dædalus, whose useful inventions for facilitating the practice of many branches of the mechanics, together with his happy improvements in the art of sculpture, and his great skill in architecture,

have rendered his name immortal, was unfortunately too susceptible of the baser passions of envy and jealousy. He had undertaken to instruct his nephew Talus, a boy of about twelve years of age, in the arts which had procured him such great and merited renown. Talus was very intelligent and clever; he learned with surprising facility, and in a short time added many useful inventions of his own to those of his uncle. Amongst these were the potter's wheel, the saw, the compasses, and a variety of other instruments. Dedalus was astonished and alarmed at the progress of his pupil; and instead of manifesting his wisdom by watching over his own heart, and checking the first impulses of a wicked malignant feeling, he suffered Envy to infuse her deadly poisons into his heart; and then becoming jealous almost to madness of the growing talents and rising fame of this promising youth, he cruelly precipitated him from the top of the temple of Minerva, who received him in his fall, and metamorphosed him into a partridge.

The crime of Dedalus being discovered, he was condemned to death by a decree of the Areopagus; but in consideration of his extraordinary talents, his sentence was afterwards remitted, and changed to that of perpetual banishment; on which account he took refuge in the island of

Crete, and ultimately made his escape from that island in the manner above related.

Dædalus, having performed the funeral rites for his son Icarus, proceeded to Sicily, where he was cordially received and welcomed by Cocalus, king of the country. Minos pursued him thither; and being deceived by the feigned kindness of Cocalus, who was secretly determined to protect the Athenian refugee, perished miserably in the palace of that monarch, being suffocated by the daughters of the Sicilian prince in a warm bath, which he was led to believe they had prepared for him as a token of respect and hospitality. Thus ended the mortal career of Minos the Second, king of Crete; his grandfather, Minos the First, being at that time one of the three judges in the sombre court of Pluto.

Observations.—A basso-relievo in the Villa Albani exhibits Dædalus busily employed in making wings.

In the Gallery di Medici at Florence is a painting by Tommaso di San Friano, which represents Dædalus and his son in the air. On the ground are several persons looking with terror at the falling Icarus, whose wings are leaving his shoulders

on account of the melting of the wax by which they were fastened.

Note.—1 *Dædalus.* This celebrated personage was born of respectable parents at Athens. He was deservedly celebrated for his skill in the arts of sculpture. It has been commonly believed that before his time statues had little except the heads to distinguish them from mere blocks, the arms and legs not being separated from the mass. This essential improvement was reserved for Dædalus, whose figures were said to walk, because they had the legs distinct and divided. The wings herein mentioned were undoubtedly no other than the sails he invented to accelerate the course of the ship in which he escaped from Crete. In Sicily he left many monuments of his skill: he is said to have cut the great canal into which the river Santern (the ancient Alabus) now falls; to have built an impregnable fortress on a mountain near the city of Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum), and to have made several fine statues.

Dædalus is believed to have constructed the vestibule of the magnificent temple of Vulcan at Memphis, among the ornaments of which was a much admired statue of himself. Diodorus mentions that this great artificer received divine honours after his death in a temple built on a small island near Memphis.

THE CALYDONIAN BOAR.

THE Athenians, being released from the cruel tribute which Minos had exacted from them, ran in transports of joy to welcome the hero to whose prowess and good fortune they had been indebted for this deliverance. The parents and friends of the young persons who had so lately left the Athenian shore as victims devoted for their country's weal, now received them as an immediate present from the gods. Shouts of joy and transport rent the air. The temples were decorated with flowers; incense rose in fragrant clouds to heaven; the altars were covered with oblations; Fame blew her silver trumpet, and the name of Theseus resounded from the rising to the setting sun. Ambassadors from distant states came in crowds to offer him their homage, or to solicit his

favour and protection. Among these last, the most urgent were the personages who composed the embassy from Calydon; who, in the name of their royal master and all the people of Ætolia, earnestly implored his aid and succour in a calamity that threatened the total destruction and ruin of their country.

Œneus, king of Calydon, being impressed with sentiments of pious gratitude for the great abundance which, throughout all his dominions, had crowned the labours of the husbandman, had appointed a solemn festival or day of public thanksgiving; on which, assisted by his subjects, he made sacrifices, offerings and invocations to all the gods and goddesses, except Diana, who happened by some unaccountable inadvertency to be overlooked or forgotten. In revenge (a passion to which all the heathen gods seem to have been most immoderately addicted), the offended goddess sent a wild boar of prodigious size to ravage and devastate this happy, smiling, fertile country. The tusks of this terrible animal resembled those of an elephant; his body, which was covered with strong bristles, seemed as if stuck with darts and arrows; his fore-legs and shoulders were white with the foam that fell from his mouth; his eyes were like balls of fire; and shrubs, herbs and

flowers were consumed by the scalding vapour breathed forth from his heaving lungs. The standing corn was trodden under his feet; the olive-trees broken down; the vineyards destroyed; the cattle, the flocks, with the shepherds and the dogs that guarded them, became the victims of his fury. Men, women and children remained shut up in their houses; scarcely an individual dared to stir out; all was consternation and dismay.

In this dreadful calamity Meleager, the king's son, a young prince who was greatly renowned for his talents and courage, invited the heroes of Greece to assemble at his father's court, where preparations were making for the pursuit of this terrible animal. These invitations were readily accepted; and Meleager was soon joined by princes and chiefs who were the pride of their respective countries, and the glory of the age in which they lived. Amongst these were Theseus and Pirithous, Castor and Pollux, Peleus and Telamon, Toxeus and Plexippus, who were the uncles of Meleager, Idas, Lynceus, Dryas, Iolas, Lelex, Nestor, then in the flower of his youth, and many others. These were soon joined by Atalanta, the famous Tegean huntress, well known in Lycæus and the woods of Arcadia. Atalanta was sur-

prisingly beautiful; and in the grace and elegance of her form she surpassed all her contemporaries. Meleager no sooner saw her than he felt the power of her charms, and resolved on endeavouring to obtain her in marriage.

The young heroes were now assembled in a plain near the city of Calydon, and made a goodly and noble appearance: among them stood the lovely Atalanta, dressed in the appropriate habit of a huntress, her light and flowing robe tucked up and fastened with a clasp of exquisite workmanship, and her long fine hair simply braided and confined with a knot of ribbon. At her shoulder was suspended an ivory quiver full of arrows, and she held a bow in her left hand. Meleager cast on her a look of tenderness, and breathed forth a prayer to the gods that this charming nymph might one day feel for him the same ardent attachment that he now felt for her.

The horn sounded, and they all started for the chase, making their way through a vast forest, terminated by a deep valley, in the middle of which was a swamp or bog, surrounded by rushes and willows, and covered with a variety of aquatic plants, in the midst of which the wild boar was accustomed to repose.

At the approach of the hunters the terrific

animal rushed furiously forth from the place of his concealment, and made towards them foaming with rage, and overturning the trees and shrubs that obstructed his passage. Echion threw his javelin, and his example was immediately followed by his companions. The skin of this enormous beast was so hard as to be almost invulnerable, and for a long time repelled the showers of arrows by which he was assailed. The darts and javelins rebounded from his sides; and by the blows they gave, only served to increase his fury; and many were the valiant assailants who became the victims of his rage. Among those who were wounded by him were Eupalamon and Pelagon, together with Othryus, who had the flesh of one of his thighs torn off, and Enesipus, the tendons of one of whose legs were divided by the teeth of this bristled savage: many others were wounded, and Anceus was killed; as were also several of the dogs. One of these faithful attendants was destroyed by Jason, whose javelin, being turned aside in its course, pierced through the body of the poor animal, and transfixed him to the ground. Telamon was thrown down, but was saved by the timely succour of his brother Peleus. At this moment Atalanta shot an arrow which entered under one of the boar's ears, and his bristles were

soon stained with blood. Meleager shouted for joy, and the Grecian youths, mortified at the idea of being outdone by a woman, renewed the attack with increasing vigour. At length the young prince of Calydon launching two javelins at once, one of them stuck into the boar's back; whereupon the young hero rushing forward despatched him, amidst the acclamations of his companions. He then cut off the enormous head, and presented it to his beloved Atalanta, who received it with manifest tokens of satisfaction and pleasure.

Meleager's two uncles, Toxeus and Plexippus, being vexed at seeing Atalanta in possession of the boar's head, as they wished to preserve it in the family as a trophy, ran forward to take it from her. The young prince, perceiving their intention, strove to oppose them; a fierce combat ensued, and Toxeus and Plexippus were both killed.

Observations.—On two of the thirteen curious antique sarcophagi in the gallery of Florence are exhibited the chase of the Calydonian boar in fine basso-relievo

In the city of Lyons, in France, there exists a sarcophagus, of which the basso-relievo embellishments represent Meleager and his companions rejoicing in their anticipated victory over the wild

boar. It is remarkable that they are all armed with clubs, except one only, who has a lance. Near them stands a nymph, which is perhaps intended for Atalanta. On the other side is Meleager in the act of killing the boar; his helmet is fallen to the ground, and the corpse of one of the combatants lies at his feet covered with a buckler.

Mr. Arnaud mentions a fine picture in mosaic that has lately been found at Lyons: it represents Meleager in the act of presenting the head of the boar to Atalanta.

In the Museo Pio-Clementino is a basso-relievo representation of Meleager's attack on his uncles, for endeavouring to deprive Atalanta of the head he had just given her. One of the furies seems to be in attendance.

At Saltzburg, in the palace of the archbishop, is a superb statue of Meleager in bronze. It was dug up about 200 years ago near the town of St. Vido. There is a similar statue in the gardens of Aranjuez in Spain. The renowned Antinous of Belvedere is by many believed to be a Meleager.

Note.—1 *Wild boar.* The depredations of a ravening wolf, a mad dog, a wild boar, or any other local or general calamity, was always imputed by the pagans

to the vengeance of some god or goddess. The occasional ravages of some ferocious animal are not at all improbable. With respect to the boar in question, Pausanias observes, that the skin was in his time to be seen in the temple of Minerva Alea; and, according to Lempriere, "the tusks were preserved by the Arcadians in Tegea, and Augustus carried them away to Rome because the people of Tegea had followed the party of Mark Antony. These tusks were shown for a long time in Rome; one of them was about half an ell long, and the other was broken."

DEATH OF MELEAGER.

As soon as the news of the destruction of the enormous boar had reached the city, the people testified the strongest demonstrations of joy; and the queen Althea, glorying in the prowess of her son, determined to go in grand procession to the temple to thank the gods for having by his hand delivered the people of Calydon from the farther ravages of a monster that had been the scourge and terror of the country.

In her way she saw a number of people assembled, who seemed to be preparing for the performance of the rites of sepulture for two dead bodies which they were bearing along in solemn silence. Having learnt that they were no

other than her two brothers, she was overwhelmed with affliction, and returned back to the palace in order to lay aside her ornaments and to assume a mourning habit. On her arrival she was informed that these princes had both died by the hand of her son. Her grief and sorrow instantly gave place to an excess of rage and fury that gave her the appearance of a maniac. She raved, tore her hair, and uttered the most horrid imprecations. Suddenly she paused, looked wildly round the apartment, and seemed for a moment to be absorbed in reflection; then bursting into a loud convulsive laugh that made her attendants shudder with horror, she ran precipitately to a cabinet or upboard, and seemed to seek for something that might satiate her vengeance. The object of her search proved to be a piece of wood that had been burnt at one end, a sort of half-consumed firebrand. It was a species of talisman, on the preservation of which depended the life of her son Meleager.

The Parcæ,' or, as they are sometimes called, the Fates, or Fatal Sisters, had all been present at the birth of this young prince. Clotho had foretold his genius and courage, Lachesis predicted his extraordinary strength, and Atropos announced that his life should endure as long as a certain

piece of stick or wood which she saw blazing in the fire should remain unconsumed. Althea instantly snatched the brand from the flames, extinguished the fire, and preserved the piece of wood with the most jealous care, locking it up securely in a cabinet, of which the key was constantly in her own possession. This fatal brand she now seized, and, deaf to the voice of maternal tenderness, madly threw it into the flames; and then stabbing herself, fell dead before the exterminating fire that was at once consuming the wood and the life of the hapless Meleager. This young prince, who happened to be at some distance from the palace, and knew nothing of what had passed, was suddenly seized with excruciating pains. His companions gathered round him, and manifested the most sincere commiseration and sorrow for the unhappy sufferer. In his agony he called upon his father, his sisters, and above all the rest on his dear, dear mother. Meantime the wood continued to burn: his pains augmented. It was consumed; and he immediately expired!

Sincere and general was the mourning for this promising young prince. His unhappy father died of grief. His sisters, all except Gorgia and Dejanira, who happened to be absent, were metamorphosed into birds or fowls, called by the Greeks

Meleagridi; by the Romans, Galline-di-Faraone; and by us, Guinea-hens.

Observations.—In the Palazzo Pitti at Florence is a picture of the Parcæ by Michael Angelo. They are represented with the distaff, spindle, and scissors. They have a stern inexorable look, that strikes the beholder with terror.

The death of Meleager is the subject of a fine basso-relievo in the Villa Borghese. In the Capitol is one representing the death of this prince with that of his mother. There is another in the Palazzo Barbarini.

In a basso-relievo of the Museo Pio-Clementino Althea is seen pushing the already half-consumed firebrand into the flames. Another compartment of the same piece shows Meleager expiring on a couch: his helmet, shield, and sword, are lying near him. His father and sisters are weeping by him: one of the latter is putting into his mouth a small coin, destined to pay Charon for passing him over the Styx. Atalanta appears among the friends that surround him: she has her quiver at her shoulder, and her bow in her left hand; beside her stands her faithful dog. At the back of the scene is a large curtain, or veil, extended; and the last of all the figures is Nemesis, who has

one foot resting on a wheel, while in her hand she holds a volume inscribed with the destiny of mortals.

Note.—1 *Parcæ.* These are imagined to preside over the life of every individual; whose existence is figured by a thread, about which they are always very busy. Clotho turns it on the spindle, Lachesis draws it out, and Atropos cuts it, when arrived at its allotted length, with a pair of scissors.

Different accounts are given of the origin and descent of these presiding powers; and different also are the descriptions of their dress and appearance. Sometimes Clotho is represented as wearing a crown of seven stars, and holding a distaff that reaches from heaven to earth; Lachesis splendidly arrayed in a robe covered with stars; and Atropos in a black garment, holding the fatal scissors. Catullus, a poet of Verona, who wrote in the time of Julius Cæsar, describes them as very old, dressed in long robes which are white, and edged at the bottom with purple; they are covered with rose-colour veils tied with white ribbons. But they are most commonly described and represented as three very ugly old women, and are said to be the daughters of Nox and Erebus. They wear garlands of wool entwined with the flowers of the narcissus: their attributes are distaffs, spindles, and

scissors. They are placed near the throne of Pluto. They are called by some authors the secretaries of heaven, the keepers of the archives of eternity. (For a farther account see the "Sequel.")

THE GROTTO OF ACHELOUS.

AFTER the tragical event which had succeeded the chase of the Calydonian boar, Theseus, accompanied by a party of his friends, set forward on his return to Athens.

On approaching the river Achelous,[1] they found the stream so swollen, and its course so rapid and turbulent, that an attempt to cross it must have exposed them to great and imminent dangers. The god of the river perceiving these illustrious strangers, accosted them with great courtesy, and invited them to accept an asylum in his grotto till the waters which now inundated a great part of the country should be somewhat abated. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Achelous conducted the travellers to his dwelling. It was a natural grotto, a hollow in a rude rock which was vaulted at the

top, and ornamented with a great number of shells. The ground was covered with moss, in which were blended various shades of green and russet colours, forming a soft, thick carpet, at once easy to the feet and pleasing to the eye. Here Theseus and his companions reposed themselves, and were entertained with great hospitality.

Dinner being prepared, Achelous took his seat, placing the prince of Athens and his friend Pirithous on one side, and the sage Lelex, who was far advanced in age, on the other. The table was covered with viands that did great honour to the good taste and hospitality of the host; and the company were served by nymphs of superior grace and beauty, loosely attired and barefooted, some bearing the dishes which formed the repast, and others bringing rich wines in vases ornamented with gems of greatest beauty.

In the course of conversation Theseus, casting a look towards the sea, inquired what islands were those which he observed near the mouth of the river: to which Achelous replied, that they were the Echinades, which had originally been nymphs, who, having on some occasion made offerings to the rural divinities, had omitted to invite him to the festival; and that to punish them for this neglect, he had caused the waters of the river to rise with

impetuosity, and separate the land on which they stood from the rest of the continent; and confounding their persons with the earth that supported them, had transformed them into islands. He then pointed out a small one, at a still greater distance, called Perimela. "This," said Achelous, "is the name of a nymph whom I tenderly loved: her father, Hippodamus, disapproving of our attachment, threw her into the sea. I beheld this dear object of my affections struggling with the waves, and I prayed Neptune that he would change her into an island, the shores of which might be washed by the waters of my river in conjunction with those of the ocean; a prayer to which the monarch of the deep was propitious."

Pirithous expressed great incredulity at this recital, and intimated a suspicion that Achelous was only joking with them. At this daring declaration they all looked very serious, and Lelex taking his turn to speak, reprimanded him for his doubts, and assured him that the gods could do what they pleased; and in confirmation of this assertion, he begged leave to relate a story which he said must certainly be true, as he himself had seen the two noble trees, into which the subjects of it (a virtuous old man and woman) had been metamorphose.

Note.—1 *Achelous.* This is a river which rises in Mount Pindus; and dividing Acarnania from Ætolia, falls into the Ionian sea.

The Echinades, islands now called Curzolari, were formed by the mud and sand carried down by the water in the great inundations to which this noble stream was subject.

Rivers that fall into the sea are personified as elderly men, with thick beards, long hair falling over their shoulders, and a crown of osiers on their heads, which in general are furnished with horns.

Smaller rivers, which do not convey their waters to the ocean, are personified as young men, and sometimes women. These figures represent the tutelar divinities, or presiding spirits of the stream. They are described as dwelling in grottoes near the source of their waters, which flow from a vase or urn on which the sovereign is seen leaning, and attended by beautiful naiades or nymphs attached to the stream over which he presides.

LELEX RELATES THE STORY OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

"On one of the smaller mountains of the beautiful and extensive country of Phrygia stands a venerable oak, and near it a linden-tree, that once were human beings. Do not look so incredulous; for I assure you I have seen these superb trees with my own eyes. Pittheus sent me on an embassy into that country at the time when it was governed by his father Pelops; and it was then and there that I learned the story of these noble trees: near the spot where they grow is a lake which was once *terra firma*, and peopled by beings like ourselves, though it is now become the habitation of fishes, and the nursery of various aquatic

plants. The account I was able to gather on this subject is as follows:

"Jupiter having one day determined to make an excursion into Asia Minor, chose Mercury for his travelling companion; and having both assumed the appearance of poor travellers, they began their journey. In their progress they stopped at a town of Phrygia, where they were treated by the inhabitants in a very uncivil and inhospitable manner: so, leaving the place in which their visit had been so unwelcome, they directed their steps towards a small cottage that was but faintly distinguished through the trees which grew at the foot of a neighbouring mountain. Into this humble dwelling they were kindly received and welcomed by the inhabitants, an honest couple, named Baucis and Philemon. These poor cottagers invited the strangers to rest themselves under their lowly roof, and were much pleased to find their invitation accepted.

"When the guests were seated, the good people began to prepare the dinner. Philemon laid the cloth while his wife Baucis ran to catch a goose (the only living thing that belonged to them), intending to kill it for the entertainment of the travellers. The goose escaping from her hands sought for shelter in every corner of the house,

and at last took refuge under the legs of Jupiter, who with some difficulty prevailed on the good old woman to let it live, assuring her that neither he nor his companion would taste it. Upon this Baucis and her husband furnished the table with eggs, cheese, honey, and fruit; and their eyes sparkled with joy on perceiving that the strangers seemed to relish this frugal repast. After some time, this good couple observed that the vessel which contained the wine constantly filled again of itself, in proportion as the liquor was drunk. At the sight of this prodigy they were struck with astonishment and awe, and threw themselves at the feet of their guests in profound adoration; Jupiter kindly bade them take courage, and assured them that their hospitality should not go unrewarded.

Dinner being ended, the celestial visitors informed their hosts that they were going to punish the inhabitants of the neighbouring city for their wickedness; and commanded these poor people to escape to the mountain that overtopped their little cottage. They obeyed; and began with trembling steps to ascend the mountain, preceded by their divine protectors.

Having with difficulty attained the summit, they turned to look at the city; but how great was

their surprise to find that it had totally disappeared, and that its place was supplied by a beautiful lake, near which their humble dwelling yet appeared unimpaired! While they stood wondering at this prodigy, and shedding tears at the unhappy fate of their neighbours, they perceived their little cabin gradually transforming into a superb temple. The rude perches of wood that had supported the thatched covering of this poor cottage hardened into marble, and became lofty pillars. The roof, before covered with straw, now sparkled with gold: the doors of the sacred edifice appeared beautifully carved, and the pavement became inlaid with marble of various colours. Baucis and Philemon stood stupified with astonishment till they were roused by the voice of Jupiter, who thus addressed them:

"'Wise and good old man! and thou amiable and hospitable woman, worthy to be the wife of such a husband, know that I approve your conduct, and am disposed to reward your virtue by granting you whatever you may most desire. Make your request with confidence.'

"The good old couple consulted with each other for a few minutes, and then asked to be made priest and priestess of the new temple; and added to this request a prayer that they might finish

their mortal career together, so that neither of them might feel the pain of surviving the other. Their request was granted, and their prayer approved of.

"After performing the service of the temple for a few years, Philemon and Baucis came out one morning to take the fresh air at the door of the sacred edifice. They happened to take their stand one on each side of the porch, when on a sudden they felt their feet taking root, and saw branches and leaves shooting forth from each other's heads and arms, which they held extended in an attitude of surprise. They had just time to articulate a last and kind adieu, when the rising bark closed round their bodies, and they became two beautiful trees.

"Those who told me this story," added Lelex, "were very sincere good kind of people, who had no wish to deceive me: I saw them suspending garlands on these trees in token of reverence; and being for my own part intimately persuaded that they were the heretofore Baucis and Philemon, I bowed down before them, and then assisted in the pious decoration." Here Lelex ceased; and Pirithous, to whom all the weighty arguments at the end of this discourse were particularly ad-

deemed, bowed his head in token of *respect and conviction*. Leiex had never heard, that

"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Note.—1 Story. The story of Baucis and Philemon is a pretty fable, written to show that hospitality is generally rewarded by Heaven. A good couple who love each other to old age, are proverbially called Baucis and Philemon.

ACHELOUS RELATES THE STORY OF ERISICHTHON.

THE illustrious guests at the grotto of Achelous, having made their observations on the story of Baucis and Philemon, and the whole company being duly penetrated with the important truth it was intended to confirm, Achelous in his turn recounted a story of another prodigy equally surprising.

"Persons who have undergone a metamorphosis," said he, "are generally obliged to remain for ever under the figure into which they are transformed. To this rule there are, however, some exceptions; as in the case of Proteus, a divinity of the ocean, whose ordinary residence was in the Carpathian sea. He has often been seen, under the various forms of a young man, a lion,

a tiger, a wild boar, a bull, a serpent, a rock, a tree, a river, and even a flame of fire. Metra, the daughter of Erisichthon, a native of Thessaly, was endowed with nearly the same powers; but such was her filial piety that she employed them only in the service of her father, who was altogether unworthy of such a daughter, being a bad man, who not only neglected the worship of the gods, but in many instances braved and defied their power.

"In the middle of a forest consecrated to the goddess Ceres stood a venerable oak. No tree in the sacred wood equalled it in height, or in the extensive spreading of its verdant branches. Its stately trunk was fifteen cubits in circumference. The divinities of the woods were wont to assemble under its shade, and the dryades in joyous circles danced lightly round it. Its luxuriant boughs were constantly adorned with votive offerings, ribbons, garlands, and pictures, representing the miracles and wonders said to have been done by the goddess to whom it was consecrated; a goddess to whose bounty we are indebted for the abundance that decks our fields, and crowns our smiling harvests.

"The impious Erisichthon ordered his servants to cut down this noble tree; and perceiving that

they hesitated, and seemed reluctant to obey his commands, he seized the axe and set about felling it himself, swearing continually that if Ceres were even present, he would not cease his blows till he had brought it to the ground. At the first stroke of the hostile instrument the leaves and acorns turned pale, and blood began to ooze from the incision made in the bark. The attendants observing this prodigy, were struck with consternation and terror; and one of them laid hold of Erisichthon's arm, which was just raised to repeat the blow. Furious at being thus interrupted in his sacrilegious work, he struck at the poor man with his hatchet, and severed his head from his body. He then returned to his impious occupation; when suddenly the ears of all present were assailed with deep groans issuing from the sacred oak, and a voice was heard to utter these words,—

'Know, O wicked man, that I am a favourite nymph of the goddess Ceres. I die by thy hand; but I have the consolation to know that my death shall not go unrevenged. The hour of retribution is at hand. Thy punishment will quickly follow thy crime.'

"The tree fell! the Querculana[1] expired! and the Dryades mourning the loss of their beloved companion, presented themselves before Ceres,

and commissioned immediate vengeance on the impious Erisichthon. The goddess bowed her head, in token that their request should be granted; and an earthquake instantly shook the surrounding country.

"Ceres determined to punish Erisichthon by diminishing not to the craving pains of hunger; and calling one of the Naiades, she thus addressed her:

"'On the borders of the frozen Scythia is a tract of country inhabited by the frightful spectres, Sadness, Fear, and Famine. The breath of these fiends, infecting the air of this sombre melancholy region, has driven away the smiling spirit of vegetation, and all the train attend her; so that the trees are dried, the flowers faded, the grass withered, and all is desolation and despair. Go, nymph, go to the gloomy desert, and deliver my commands to the last-mentioned of these appalling messengers of vengeance, directing her to enter and infuse her corroding venom into the stomach and bowels of the sacrilegious Erisichthon. Around my car my dragons will soon convey me to this far-distant country.'

"The nymph obeyed, and ascending the car, was quickly borne away towards the barren wastes of Scythia.

"As she passed over a snowy plain on the summit of Mount Caucasus, she perceived the haggard object of her pursuit, who was endeavouring with her nails and teeth to tear up by the roots a few straggling plants, that appeared here and there among the rocks and gravel that covered this solitary place. The oreade stopped for some moments to contemplate this hideous spectre. Her hair was stiff and matted, her eyes sunk far into their sockets, her visage of a deadly paleness, her lips black and dry, her skin wrinkled, and in many places pierced through by her large sharp bones. Terrified and disgusted at the sight of this ravenous skeleton, the messenger of Ceres hastily communicated the orders of the goddess, and then withdrew, happy in the prospect of returning to the smiling plains of Thessaly.

"The squalid spectre of Caucasus, though an inveterate enemy of the goddess Ceres, was nevertheless subject to her authority, and obliged to obey her commands. Being transported to Thessaly by a whirlwind, she proceeded towards the apartment where Erisichthon, on his bed of down, had sunk into a profound sleep; and stealing softly to his bed-side, caught him in her cold embrace, and breathing on his mouth the corroding exhalation that issued from her withered lungs, infused

into his stomach and bowels the direful venom that was to waste his form, and embitter his future life. This done, the spectre withdrew to hide herself among the cottages of the neighbouring poor.

"Erisichthon awaking from his sleep, and feeling all the gnawing torments of hunger, vociferated his demands for something to eat. The domestics ran to obey his orders; but it was in vain that they attempted to satisfy his ravenous appetite: every thing he swallowed seemed but to increase it. He devoured with the most voracious avidity all that was set before him; and in spite of the abundant supplies that were presented to him, his cravings daily increased, till at length, famishing in the midst of plenty, he sold his possessions to buy food.

"In a short time he had devoured all that his large property was able to procure; and finding that his insatiable appetite still remained unsatisfied, he at last determined to dispose of his only daughter. Metra, for that was her name, readily acceded to this determination: hoping that, as Neptune had endowed her with the power of assuming, like Proteus, a variety of different appearances, she might, by changing her form, be able to liberate herself from her masters; and by

returning to her father, put it in his power to resell her continually, and thus procure a supply of food adequate to his wants.

" Metra was accordingly sold as a slave to a certain merchant, who being much pleased with his purchase, commanded her to follow him to his house. She obeyed his orders, walking pensively after him till they happened to come near the sea, when she suddenly disappeared, and under the assumed figure of a fisherman, sat with a hook and line at the idle, time-wasting occupation of angling. The merchant having missed her, accosted the angler, and eagerly demanded if he had seen a young woman that he had lately purchased, and who had escaped from him as he was conducting her home. The fisherman replied in the negative; and the merchant withdrew, resolving, *en vrai marchand d'esclaves*, to wreak his vengeance for the loss of Metra on the next slave he should happen to buy.

" Metra, in her own form, soon returned to her hungry father, who sold her repeatedly: as by changing herself into a bird, a stag, and a thousand other forms, she constantly escaped from slavery; and by her punctual return gave him an opportunity of acquiring sums of money, which she hoped would be sufficient to procure victuals

enough to satisfy his raging hunger. In this, however, she was mistaken; these efforts of filial affection proved ineffectual: his cravings daily augmented, and at last became so intolerable, that he gnawed his own flesh, and died in consequence of the loss of blood that flowed from the veins and arteries that he had torn open with his teeth."

Così al fin, lasciò lo spirto ingiusto
Da denti proprj, il lacerato busto. ANG.

Notes.—1 *Querculana.* The presiding spirit of the oak, whose life was supposed to begin, flourish, and end with the existence of this sacred tree. Every tree of the forest was believed to have its peculiar nymph; and these nymphs bore the general name of Hamadryades: they were distinguished from the Dryades, or forest-nymphs, in that these last lived as long as the forest remained. A belief in these presiding spirits preserved the "sylvan tenants of the grove" from molestation; as few persons were found who would rashly brave the vengeance of the goddess, the rural divinity, with whose existence every particular tree was believed to be intimately connected.

In addition to the story of Erisichthon, we have another of a certain carpenter, who went to cut down a venerable oak. Suddenly the Hamadryade or Quer-

culana appeared, and said to him, "My existence depends on the preservation of this tree. I shall die in the moment that it falls. Have pity on a hamadryade, to whose kindness you are indebted for the sweetest moments of your life. In the refreshing shade formed by these verdant branches you first met the amiable woman that has rendered you a happy husband and a joyful father; you then blessed this tree—you deemed it sacred, and came with gratitude to suspend on its spreading boughs the cradle that contained your infant son." This discourse had no effect; the carpenter with the aid of his son felled the tree, and they both instantly died.

The ancient Gauls are said to have worshipped Jupiter under the figure of a lofty oak.

The Druids, who were the ministers of religion among the ancient Britons, held the oak in the highest veneration, and went in solemn procession at the beginning of every year to gather the sacred mistletoe; a parasite plant that they found growing on the trunk and larger branches of this majestic tree. —(For a more particular account of the Druids, see the "Sequel.")

2 *Oreades.* The Oreades were mountain-nymphs: they accompanied the goddess Diana when hunting; and are represented as light, airy beings, clothed in short tunics, suited to the exercises to which they were inclined.

DEJANIRA DISPUTED BY HER LOVERS.

THESEUS and his illustrious companions still remained at the grotto of Achelous;[1] who having ended the wonderful story of Erisichthon, took occasion to inform his visitors that he also had the power of changing his form, but that this power was limited to three figures only—a young man, a serpent, and a bull: under all which appearances he acknowledged that he had, to his great mortification, been vanquished by Hercules; a hero, whose extraordinary strength and valour rendered him the pride and glory of Thebes, which had the honour of being his native city. The hospitable genius of the river sighed deeply at the recollection that, under the figure of a bull, he had been by Hercules deprived of one of his

horns. "A loss," said he, "which neither nature or art will ever be able to repair." We shall here give some account of the circumstance which occasioned the loss which Achelous so much regretted.

Dejanira, daughter of Œneus, king of Calydon, and one of the two sisters of Meleager that had not been metamorphosed into birds, was a young princess whose great acquirements, prepossessing manners, and superior beauty, rendered her the admiration of all the neighbouring princes, many of whom had demanded her in marriage, and disputed their pretensions to her favour. Among these the most distinguished were Achelous and Hercules. These extraordinary rivals challenged each other to a trial of force by wrestling.

The contest commenced. For a long time the advantage on either side appeared to be equal; but at length, perceiving himself likely to be overcome, Achelous had recourse to artifice; and to avoid the humiliation of a defeat, assumed the form of a serpent. Hercules laughed at this stratagem. "Ah, Achelous!" cried he, "hast thou never heard, or hast thou forgotten that the strangling of serpents was one of the feats of my infancy, and the sports of my maturer age." So saying,

he grasped his antagonist by the neck, and had nearly choked him, when Achelous, to avoid the death with which he was threatened, transformed himself into a bull. The combat recommenced. Hercules seized the bull, dragged him to the ground, and after beating his head against the stones, broke off one of his horns: upon which Achelous quitted the field, and hid himself in the waters of his river.

The horn which Hercules tore away from the head of Achelous was found by the Nereides upon the banks of the river. They filled it with fruit and flowers, and afterwards presented it to the smiling goddess of plenty.

Note.—1 *Achelous.* Some of the mythologists assert that Achelous was originally a prince, the father of the Sirens, and that he was metamorphosed into a river after his contest with Hercules.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF HERCULES.

THE travellers having passed some days very agreeably in the grotto of Achelous, now began to be rather impatient to pursue their journey; and seeing the waters considerably abated, they took leave of their hospitable host, and returned to their respective dwellings. Leaving them to the happy enjoyment of their welcome-home, we shall continue our account of Hercules.

Achelous having (as we learn by the preceding tale) been vanquished by Hercules, the princess Dejanira became the wife of the conqueror; who, soon after the celebration of his nuptials, prepared to return with her to his native country. On approaching the Evenus, they found that the prodigious melting of the snow on the mountains had caused the river to overflow its banks, and had so

increased the rapidity of the stream, that any attempt to cross it would have been imprudent dangerous. While Hercules stood reflecting what might be the best manner of proceeding was accosted by the centaur Nessus, who offered to take Dejanira on his back, and carry safely to the other side of the stream. The Th prince, whose only concern was for his wife cepted the offer with many expressions of tude; and flinging his bow and arrows across water to the opposite bank, plunged into the waves, and swam after the centaur. Scarcely however had they reached the land, than Nessus gallopped off with his lovely burden, in spite of all her efforts to disengage herself from him. Hercules shot at him with an arrow that had been dipped in the venom of the hydra of Lerna, and the arrow entering his back passed entirely through his body. Nessus finding himself mortally wounded gave Dejanira his tunic: wickedly assuring her with his latest breath, that if at any time her husband should form a new attachment, she need only engage him to put on this garment, which, as it possessed many magical qualities, would immediately recall his wandering affections: "Conceal this precious gift," said he, "till the period arrive in which it may be useful." Dejanira had just

time to hide the tunic when she was joined by her husband.

Time rolled on, Nessus had been dead some years, and Hercules had been active in performing achievements of such extraordinary valour that his name was celebrated throughout the world.

Having recently gained a complete victory over Eurytus, king of Œchalia, who had heretofore refused him his daughter in marriage, after he had even performed all the conditions on which that unjust monarch had previously promised her to him, the hero prepared to make a solemn sacrifice to Jupiter; when some tattling, gossiping persons conveyed to the beautiful Dejanira a mysterious story about her husband's being retained at a distance from her by the powerful charms of Iole, the daughter of the vanquished monarch, for whom, it was farther added, Hercules had conceived a tender attachment.

The unfortunate Dejanira hearing this news, gave way to the most violent transports of grief; and after weeping bitterly for some time, she began to meditate on the means of recovering her husband's affections, when suddenly she recollected the tunic that had been given her by the dying Nessus! Alas! poor Dejanira! she recked not that it was a fatal gift. The blood of the expiring

centaur, poisoned by the venom of the Lernæan hydra, had communicated its baleful effects to this garment; and Nessus had given it to her with a view of being revenged on her husband.

Hercules received the garment, and having completed his preparations for the sacrifice, he thought of his absent and beloved Dejanira; and as a compliment to her for the present she had sent him, determined to wear it on this solemn occasion. He accordingly put it on; but in a few minutes he felt it burn his body, like a red-hot iron. In vain he essayed to get it off. It stuck fast! His torments increased! the blood boiled in his veins! Mad with the anguish it occasioned, he seized hold of Lichas, the officer who had been the innocent bearer of this fatal gift, and whirled him into the Eubœan sea, where he was transformed into a rock, while the unhappy sufferer, frantic with pain, deprecated the anger of the gods. "Alas!" said he, "was it for this that I have passed my time in unceasing labours? every where destroying the enemies of the human race! Was it for this that I vanquished Anteus and Geryon, and led even the infernal Cerberus in chains? Elis attests my valour. The lake of Stymphale and the gardens of the Hesperides have been the scenes of my triumph. The hydra of Lerna, the cruel Dio-

medes, and the Nemæan lion, have fallen beneath the power of my arm; and even the heavens have been supported on my shoulders."

Thus expostulating, praying, and complaining, the hero ran, in excruciating pain, to the top of the mountain; and tearing up the trees by the roots, threw them together in a heap, and having covered the pile with the skin of the Nemæan lion, he gave his bow and arrows to his friend Philoctetes: then placing himself on the skin which he had extended, conjured that prince to set fire to the wood, and bade him an eternal adieu!

Hercules, stretched on this funeral pile, with his head reclining on his club, beheld with an intrepid eye the flames that rose around him. The gods for a moment trembled for his glory; but Jupiter consoled them, by announcing his intention of placing the heroic sufferer among their number.

The fire soon consumed all that was perishable in this illustrious hero; and his spirit ascended to heaven in a car which the sovereign of the gods had appointed for its conveyance. Glorious was his reception in the celestial regions, where, assuming a form of might and splendour unknown to the inhabitants of this lower world, he was by a solemn apotheosis placed among the gods. Juno, who had heretofore persecuted him with unrelenting

fury, now forgot her resentment, and gave him her daughter Hebe in marriage.

In this world the loss of this illustrious hero was long felt and lamented, and sounds of lamentation and wo prevailed as far as his name had been known. The unhappy Dejanira, a prey to grief and despair, died at Trachinia, a town situated near Mount Œta, on the top of which Hercules had suffered and expired. At her own particular request she was buried at the foot of the mountain, near to a city, which was afterwards called Heraclea.

The divinity of Hercules became generally acknowledged, and his worship was established throughout Greece and various other countries. His temples were numerous and magnificent; and in after-ages there was a very splendid one erected at Rome, into which, it was said, no flies nor dogs ever entered.

Observations.—The Royal Museum at Paris contains a series of paintings, illustrative of the great achievements of Hercules, by the immortal Guido; one of the finest of which is the attempt of the centaur to carry off Dejanira. Of this celebrated picture there exists a very fine engraving by Berwick.

Pliny mentions a celebrated statue of Hercules, in torments, at Rome. It is not improbable that this might have been the very fine one that is still to be seen in the Barberini palace. The figure is in a high Greek taste, and the face expressive of excruciating pain.

The apotheosis of Hercules, and his marriage with the goddess of youth, the beautiful Hebe, is the subject of many fine basso-relievos and paintings. A recent and beautiful picture of this kind by Signor Benvenuti, president of the Imperial and Royal Academy of Painting at Florence, constitutes one of the finest ornaments of a room in the splendid apartment that has lately been added to the gallery of the Palazzo Pitti, the town-residence of the Grand-duke of Tuscany.

In the Palazzo Gostaguti in Rome are six rooms, the ceilings of which are beautifully painted in fresco; one of these, done by Albano, represents Hercules shooting at the centaur Nessus, who is running away with Dejanira.

Hercules furiously throwing Lichas into the sea, is the *chef d'œuvre* of Canova. It is in the Palazzo Doria.

Note.—1 *Philoctetes.* This young prince was the son of Pœas or Pœan, king of Melibœa, a maritime

territory of Greece, lying at the foot of Mount Ossa. In compliance with the last request of the dying Hercules, he buried his ashes; having made a previous oath to his friend that he would perform this last solemn duty, and never disclose the name of the place in which they were interred.

ALCMENA DISCOURSING WITH IOLE ABOUT THE BIRTH OF HERCULES.

After the death of Hercules and Dejanira, their son Hylius married Iole, the princess on whose account Hercules had received the fatal tunic. Alcmena, the mother of that hero, became much attached to Iole, and was so fond of her company that she scarcely ever left her. As they were one day sitting together, and mutually lamenting the loss of their illustrious relation, Alcmena, at Iole's request, explained some particulars respecting the cause of his subjection to Eurystheus, and gave an account of the metamorphosis of her handmaid

"When my husband, A d she, "had accidentally killed h withstanding the in

liged for a time to absent himself from Mycenæ; and in his absence his uncle Sthenelus usurped the throne, to which there was then no direct male heir. I was however in a state of pregnancy; and so was Nicippe, the wife of Sthenelus. We each hoped to have a son, notwithstanding the probability that such an event would involve the nation in a civil war; as the friends of Amphitryon would without doubt support the rights of my son; while the partisans of the new monarch would, for their own interest, defend the pretensions of the son of Nicippe. Jupiter, prompted by a justifiable preference for a child that he knew would one day be numbered among the gods, and also with a view to prevent the calamities that would necessarily result from a contest between the two princes, commanded that the first-born of the two children should succeed to the throne, and reign over the other by right of seniority. The sovereign of the gods was well aware that I was farther advanced in my pregnancy than Nicippe, and that I should, of course, be very much pleased with an arrangement that was likely to secure to my child the succession to the throne of his father; but, alas! Juno, who had conceived a hatred against me on account of a report that had prevailed of my being a favourite

of her husband, determined to punish me by retarding the birth of my infant, and gave orders to that effect to her messenger Lucina;[1] who, when I expected my child to be born, came and seated herself at the door of my palace, in the disguise of an old woman: she remained there in one unvaried position for many days, during all which time I was very ill. At length, one of my faithful attendants, the young and lovely Galanthis,[2] suspecting that the old woman was practising some incantation in order to prolong my illness, ran towards her in apparent ecstasy, exclaiming, 'Rejoice with me, my good dame, the princess Alcmena has got a lovely boy.' Struck with astonishment, the feigned old woman suddenly started from her seat; by which means the spell was broken, and Hercules was put into the arms of his delighted mother! Galanthis being overjoyed at the success of her stratagem, laughed, and clapped her hands in triumph: when the mortified and malicious Lucina, fired with rage, and a desire of vengeance, metamorphosed the poor girl into a weasel. The birth of Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus and Nicippe, was, by the artifices of Juno, advanced two months; by which means he was born before his cousin Hercules. Thus, by the previous decree of Jupiter, he succeeded to

the throne; but he had little enjoyment of his exaltation, for he constantly lived in fear and terror, from an idea that his courageous cousin might one day assert his right to a crown of which Amphitryon had been unfortunately and unjustly deprived. With a view to prevent this misfortune, Eurystheus with great policy contrived to employ Hercules in a succession of difficult and perilous enterprises, not without a secret hope that he might ultimately become the victim of the fatigues and dangers to which he was exposed. It was in obedience to this wily monarch that my heroic son performed those astonishing exploits that are generally denominated the twelve labours of Hercules."

Observations.—In the monuments published by Maffei, Vol. i. No. 9, is mentioned an engraving on stone, an antique, in which Lucina or Ilithyia is sitting at the door of the palace of Alcmena. The figure has been erroneously taken for an Agrippina.

Notes.—1 *Lucina.* This goddess had a temple at Rome, where she was worshipped under the name of Juno-Lucina. She was supposed to preside at the birth of human beings; and whenever a child was

born, the mother, as a religious duty, carried a small piece of money to the temple as an offering to the goddess. This custom, according to Lempriere, was first established by Servius Tullius, as a means of knowing the exact number of the people. In Greece and in Asia Minor this goddess was called Diana-Ilithyia; and Homer, in an address or hymn to Apollo, expresses himself to this effect: "The jealous Juno retained Ilithyia in Olympus; but the other goddesses sent Iris, who by gifts prevailed on her to go to the assistance of the unfortunate Latona."

2 *Galanthis.* This young servant, here said to be metamorphosed into a weasel, is by others asserted to have been changed into a cat. Hecate had pity on her, and took her into her service. The Thebans, when they offered sacrifices to Hercules, forgot not to make one also to Galanthis.

DRYOPE.

THE princess Iole wept on hearing of the metamorphosis of the kind-hearted Galanthis; and when Alcmena had finished her narration, she spoke of her own sister Dryope, who, for having inadvertently gathered a certain flower, was transformed into a tree.

"I was one day walking," said Iole, "with my dear sister and her little child, on the borders of a lake, in the vicinity of Œchalia. The lake was surrounded by trees of the mo[illegible]iant growth and verdure; amongst them [illegible]s' in blossom. Dryope, who was n[illegible]egay her little boy, carelessly pluckec[illegible]owe and suddenly we perceived so[illegible]lood falling from the place where she [illegible]. Alarmed at this prodigy, we atten[illegible]

but, alas! my dear sister was unable to remove her feet from the ground; they had already taken root, and her whole body was shooting forth leaves, and gradually assuming the form and appearance of the tree from which she had unwittingly gathered the flower. Her husband, Andræmon, who was in search of her, soon arrived at the spot, accompanied by our affectionate father. Never, never shall I forget their surprise and grief on beholding the situation of their beloved Dryope, who had just time to assure them that she had no evil intention in taking the flower; but that, on the contrary, she had ever been disposed to offer her homage to the nymphs and dryades who presided in that beautiful place: then praying us to let her embrace her child for the last time, she bade us an eternal adieu. Her voice was soon after lost in the rustling of the branches; every feature and trace of her person disappeared; and what had once been the graceful and lovely Dryope, [illegible] a verdant and magnificent lotus-tree, [illegible] that from which she had taken the flower, [illegible] in its turn, had [illegible] heretofore, [illegible] der this me[illegible]is, had [illegible] riapus, th[illegible]leous [illegible] nners a[illegible]ce [illegible] t the m[illegible]

name is to this day prohibited in polite society. Women of good education pronounce it not."

Scarcely had Iole done speaking when, to the astonishment of the two princesses, Iolaus, the ancient friend and companion of Hercules, who had assisted him in the destruction of the hydra of Lerna, entered the apartment, blooming in all the vigour of early youth. On their expressing their surprise at this extraordinary *rajeunissement*, he told them that Hebe had wrought this prodigy at the request of Hercules, in order to enable him more effectually to defend the Heraclidæ, or descendants of this hero, from the persecutions of Eurystheus. He also informed them that the gods and goddesses having witnessed this change in his person, began with great earnestness and clamour to demand a similar intervention in behalf of their respective favourites. Aurora implored a restoration of youth for Tithonius; Ceres for Easion; Venus for her favourite Anchises. In the midst of this *tapage*, Jupiter, nodding his head, commanded silence. The command was followed by instant obedience; and he thus addressed the assembly:

"Know, O ye divinities, members of this celestial court, that what you now ask is not in my power to bestow. These things are ordered by

Destiny, to whose decrees you and I are alike subject: were it otherwise, you may well suppose that my virtuous sons, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, and Minos, would never have bent beneath the weight of age and its natural infirmities. I was at liberty to grant to Hebe the power and the permission to work this prodigy; but here my liberty ends: I can do no more." The gods and goddesses remained silent; and at the mention of Æacus, Rhadamanthus, and Minos, they bowed their heads in token of respect for those illustrious names, and of submission to the immutable laws of that inexorable power, who, though never invoked, is silently revered under the name of Destiny.

Festivals were instituted at Thebes in honour of Iolaus: they were called Iolaia and Heracleia. The victors at these games were presented with garlands of myrtle, and sometimes with small brass tripods.

Observations.—In the Capitoline Museum is a lotus-flower in black marble, on a stalk of about sixteen inches high, a piece of Egyptian sculpture, which was found in the ruins of the Villa Adriano at Tivoli.

Note.—1 *Lotus-tree.* The lotus is greatly celebrated in Egyptian fable, and frequently mentioned in

that of Greece. Authors have given very contradictory and confused accounts of this plant. The best information we have been able to gather on this subject is as follows:

There are four species of lotus; two aquatic, *nymphæa-nelumbo* and *nymphæa-lotus*, and two arborescent, *zizyphus-lotus*, and *celtis Australis*. The first has leaves nearly round, and bears a magnificent red flower, in form somewhat like a large lily. It emerges and appears on the surface of the water, expanding its beautiful blossoms and exhaling its fragrance to the rising sun; but closes its superb chalice, and plunges into the water at his setting. This is the sacred flower of Osiris, so highly celebrated in the religious mysteries of Egypt.

The second resembles the above-mentioned; but its flowers are whitish, and much smaller. It grows abundantly in the vicinity of the Nile; and is not very uncommon in Europe, being seen plentifully in pools about the western boundaries of Liguria.

The third is a tree that was once found in great abundance on the coast of Africa, near the Syrtes. Its fruit, which seemed to be a kind of pulse, constituted the principal food of the inhabitants, who were, from this circumstance, called Lotophagi. It was said to be so delicious, that strangers who had eaten of it for some time were scarcely ever inclined to leave the country.

The fourth was an evergreen-tree, with leaves some-

what resembling those of the laurel. Its blossoms were very beautiful; and its fruit, which in form resembled a pear, had a kernel, or rather a sort of almond within it, the taste of which was like that of a chestnut. The wood of this tree served to make statues of the gods; and garlands of it were consecrated to the goddess Venus. This was perhaps the tree of Dryope.

The Egyptians represented the early dawn, or morning twilight, by the allegorical figure of a little infant boy sitting in a lotus-flower (the *nymphæa-nelumbo*). To this Mr. Moore alludes in the following lines taken from his "Fall of Hebe:"

> The child of day
> Within his twilight bower,
> Lay sweetly sleeping
> On the flush'd bosom of a lotus-flower.

This child is by some authors said to be Harpocrates.

CAUNUS AND BIBLIS.

THE metamorphoses of Galanthis and Dryope, and the view of the extraordinary change that had passed upon the person of Iolus, made a deep impression on the minds of the princesses Alcmena and Iole. For a long time they could talk of nothing else; and their imagination was so affected by a constant recurrence to this subject, that they began to fancy every inanimate object by which they were surrounded to be a transformation of some interesting human being.

The mention of Minos, who had been king of Crete, recalled the adventures of other inhabitants of that island, and particularly those of Caunus and Biblis,[1] the children of Miletus, a native of that country, who being foiled and disappointed in some seditious attempts to usurp the throne, left his

home, and established a colony in Asia Minor, where he built a city that afterwards bore his name. Here he married Cyane, the daughter of Meander; and by this marriage he had two children, who were twins: the one a boy, whom he named Caunus, the other a girl, called Biblis.

It seems that the latter was a tiresome, spoiled child. Her parents had accustomed her, by a foolish indulgence of all her whims and fancies, to follow continually the impulses of a wayward imagination, rather than the sober dictates of reason and reflection. No pains had been taken to cultivate her heart, or to soften the natural asperity of her temper; so that this poor child, possessing no settled or solid principle of virtue to direct her conduct, grew up peevish, capricious, unamiable, and unhappy.

When Biblis arrived at years of maturity, she took it into her head to wish for an extraordinarily handsome husband. Now the handsomest young man in all the country was her brother Caunus, so she desired to have him. But being informed that such a union would be indecorous and criminal, as there existed no laws that would sanction the marriage of persons so nearly related, she pouted, and grieved, and fussed, and fancied, that no poor damsel upon earth was ever so unhappy as

herself. At one moment she wept bitterly, and at another grew outrageously angry. "If Ops," cried she, "married her brother Saturn, Thetys her old brother Oceanus, and Juno her brother Jupiter, why should not I marry Caunus?" But Biblis counted without her host, for she soon found that Caunus would not marry her; and that, on the contrary, he was so disgusted at her conduct, that he even avoided her company as much as lay in his power. Upon which she took to scribbling, and annoyed him with silly romantic letters full of tender expostulations and *pleines de sentiment!* In short, the poor young man was so vexed, that, resolving to be no longer witness of his sister's folly, he left the country, and went she knew not whither.

Biblis was seriously grieved at having lost so good a brother; and as every emotion of her mind (untutored as it was, and unsubdued by prudence, patience, self-denial, and filial affection,) was expressed in the most extravagant manner, she left her home, her parents, her penates, and her country, and ran about the woods of Caria screaming and raving like the menades, who came once in three years bearing thyrses in their hands, and howling in frantic celebration of the orgies of Bacchus.

Bent upon going in search of Caunus, as far as her strength would carry her, Biblis pursued her way through Lycia, joined herself to the wandering Leleges, passed the Mount Cragus, the city of Lymira, the river Xanthus, and the volcano of the Chimera.[2] Near this last mountain, being overcome with fatigue, she sank down under the shade of a spreading tree. In this state of lassitude and exhaustion she was found by the naiades or nymphs of the surrounding country, who kindly endeavoured to comfort and console her: but finding that all their efforts were vain, they suffered her to give free course to her tears; and she at last dissolved into water, forming a fountain that still bears the name of Biblis.

Observations.—Among the bronze antiques in the cabinet of the Grand-duke of Tuscany is a figure of the Chimera. It has the head and body of a lion, with a goat's head and neck rising from the middle of its back, and the tail terminating in the head of a serpent. On one of its fore-legs is an inscription in Etruscan characters. This figure was found near Arezzo, in 1558; it is in a perfect state of preservation.

Notes.—1 *Biblis.* This is the name of a fountain to whose naiade or presiding spirit this curious story was supposed to apply. It is a clear spring of water rising near the city of Miletus, the capital of Ionia, in Asia Minor. Miletus was celebrated for being the birth-place of many great men, as Thales, Anaximenes, Anaximander, Hecatus, Timotheus, Pittacus, and others; and the country was famous for its twelve small states, often mentioned under the appellation of the Ionian Confederacy. Each of these states bore the name of its chief city; one of which was Ephesus, remarkable for a temple of Diana that was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. To the Christian converts in this city St. Paul addressed his letter called the Epistle to the Ephesians.

2 *Chimera.* This volcano is mentioned by Pliny, who observes that it burned most fiercely in rainy weather, and that its flames could only be extinguished by earth. Lions were said to prowl about the summit of this mountain; the middle of which affording good pasture, was much frequented by goats, and the swampy grounds at its base bred innumerable serpents.

Of this burning mountain the poets have made a monstrous personification; a compound animal having the head and body of a lion, with the neck and head of a goat rising from the middle of its back, and a tail like that of a dragon or serpent.

The word chimera is now proverbially given to any

extraordinary combination or figure of our own imagination. The Romans, on some occasions, perpetuated the memory of their great men by figures compounded of animals, whose instinct or character was thought to be emblematical of their brilliant qualities. In the Vatican Library is a pretty large onyx, on which is engraven a chimera of this kind. It has the head of a horse, adorned with a very long thick beard, the feet of a stork, and the tail of a cock. The inscription is *Fab.* This figure was composed in order to transmit to posterity the remembrance of the great services and eminent qualities of *Fabius, the liberator of Rome.* The horse's head was a symbol of the command that was conferred on him; the beard represented the sagacity and prudence with which he regulated the affairs of Rome; the feet of the stork indicated his promptitude and vigilance; and the tail of the cock was emblematical of his victory over Hannibal, the terror of the Romans. This barbarous monument affords a striking proof that the taste of the Romans had received no polish from an acquaintance with the graceful ornaments of Grecian story, or the elegant fictions of Grecian poetry. Such a coarse hieroglyphic figure would in our days be deemed a *caricature.* How would the Latin artists of that period have represented our heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo?

IPHIS.

In Phæstum, a city of the island of Crete, there once lived a poor man named Ligdus: he was very honest and industrious, but his gains were so small, as scarcely to furnish the means of existence for himself and his only companion, an amiable good wife, whose name was Telethusa.

It happened on a certain time that the affairs of Ligdus required his presence in a far distant country. He accordingly made the necessary preparations for his voyage, and took an affectionate leave of his beloved Telethusa, charging her to take special care of her health, and exhorting her, as she was on the point of becoming a mother, to nurse the child herself if it should prove to be a boy; and, on the contrary, to destroy it if it should be a girl.

Telethusa shuddered with horror; but Ligdus, as an excuse for this stern command, pleaded his extreme poverty, and consequent incapacity to provide for and educate a child who would never be able to assist him in his daily labours.

Ligdus was supposed to be a native of the island in which he now resided; but it seems more probable that he had emigrated from some country beyond the Ganges, where rich parents are in the habit of destroying deformed children, and poor ones, such as they think they shall not be able to maintain: for certainly nothing but custom or habit could have rendered such an honest man so hard-hearted and cruel. It has been justly observed, that custom, example, and early impressions, change, as it were, the very nature of man. Influenced by these all-powerful arbiters of human character and human conduct, a Chinese mother places her helpless infant in its frail bark, and exposes it to the mercy of the waves; and a Spanish female (*naturally* noble, generous, beneficent, and humane,) is, by these, enabled to take pleasure in viewing the savage cruelties of a bull-fight, and to look with complacency on the astounding horrors of a merciless *auto-da-fé*.

Ligdus set out on his expedition, and Telethusa went to bed in great perturbation and distress of

mind. After weeping for some time, she fell into a gentle slumber; and was soon consoled by a very delightful dream or vision, in which she saw the goddess Isis,[1] wearing on her head a brilliant crescent, surrounded by a garland of ears of corn. This beautiful goddess seemed to advance majestically towards her bed, accompanied by all the divine court of Egypt, in grand and splendid array. Near her stood Anubis,[2] Bubastis,[3] and Apis[4] with Osiris, (whom she had long sought in vain all over the earth,) and Harpocrates,[5] who held his finger on his lips in token of silence. These divinities had brought with them a serpent, whose venom had a tendency to cause a profound sleep. The goddess and her suite were announced by the sound of the sistrum, a musical instrument peculiar to the divinities of Egypt. It acted on the principle of a rattle, and its sound was supposed to have some affinity with that of the rushing of the waters of the Nile. Isis appeared to smile, and Telethusa listened with delight to the harmonious sound of her voice. "You will have a daughter, Telethusa," said she, "but do not destroy her: let her be named Iphis; and send her into the country, where you will find a nurse who will keep your secret. When she is grown up, should you then wish her to become a man, and she also of herself

desire to be so, repair to my temple, and there make your request with confidence." Thus said, the goddess and her suite withdrew.

The promised daughter was born. To Ligdus was announced the birth of a son, and he thought himself the happiest of fathers.

Time passed on, and Iphis attained her fourteenth year, when Ligdus and his intimate and dear friend Telestus, who had an amiable and beautiful daughter, proposed to strengthen the union that had long subsisted between their families by the marriage of their children. Ligdus mentioned the subject to Iphis, as a circumstance that would crown his old age with happiness, and cause him to descend into his grave in peace. Iphis made no answer to his proposals, but kissed him, and then went in search of Telethusa, whom she invited to walk with her in their little garden. After wandering for some time in silence, they sat down under the shade of a linden-tree, and Iphis thus began:

"My dear mother, I have lately reflected seriously on a circumstance that you have frequently mentioned to me, respecting the apparition of the goddess Isis; and I have been led to these reflections by an ardent desire to share the toils of my

father, and to have the power either to assist him in his labours, or to support you and him by my own. To this task my strength as a girl is unequal. I have another reason for wishing to be a man: it is, that my father has this day communicated to me a plan he has formed for marrying me to our young friend Ianthe. Who knows, my dear mother, perhaps my earnest wish to contribute to the happiness of my beloved parents may be approved of by the goddess; perhaps she may be propitious to my desire! Conduct me, I pray you, to her temple; and let us there, according to her directions, make our prayer with humble hope and confidence." Telethusa consented; and they accordingly repaired to the temple, where, in modest attire, with their hair loose and falling over their shoulders, they knelt together before the simulacre or statue of the goddess; and Telethusa thus preferred her prayer:

"Divine Isis! protectress of the fertile country of Egypt, who art adored with peculiar honours in the cities of Ammon and Perætonium, in the island of Pharos, on the smiling shores of the Lake Mareotis, and on the banks of the river Nile, deign to fulfil thy promise to Telethusa and her child. Thou knowest our desires, and the purity

of our motives. Regard with favour this my daughter, who lives but in obedience to thy command. Protect my Iphis, and be propitious to her desire."

Suddenly the altar shook; the crescent that adorned the head of the statue sparkled and shone with peculiar brightness. The doors opened of themselves; and Iphis left the temple in the full persuasion that her petition had not been preferred in vain.

As they retired, Iphis felt her strength increase; her features gradually took a more masculine appearance, and her form became more robust. Telethusa and her son (for Iphis was no longer a daughter) returned to the temple to present their offerings; and over the altar they placed a tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

IPHIS,
A young man,
Here fulfils the vows he made when
He was a woman.

In a short time the families of Ligdus and his friend Telestus were united by the marriage of their children. The gods approved the union, and Juno and Venus honoured the nuptial ceremony with their presence, bearing torches in their hands

similar to that of Hymen. Thus Iphis, in spite of the cruel command of her father, lived to be the comfort and consolation of his old age, and her filial piety was ultimately rewarded by a union with the amiable Ianthe.

Observations.—The statues of Isis are sometimes crowned with a garland of peach-leaves and lotus-flowers. Sometimes she has a Guinea-hen on her head, or a disk, or a bullock's horn. Her hair is generally long, and falling in curls on her shoulders; her drapery is for the most part a robe reaching to her feet, and entirely closed. She is sometimes represented as holding a sistrum, sometimes a cup, and sometimes a nilometre, or rule for determining the height to which the waters of the Nile were risen.

In the palace of the Signora Lilla Giustiniani Cambiaso, on the Mount Albano, near Genoa, is a superb statue of Isis in Egyptian granite. The drapery of this figure is close, and so long, that only the points of the toes are to be seen: the arms hang down straight at her side.

There are two colossal statues of Isis in the Campidoglio. The largest of the two bears the name of the *Grand Iside*. She is crowned with towers that appear as light as feathers, and were

perhaps designed for such, as there exist statues of Isis with Guinea-hens upon their heads.

In the Museum Pio-Clementino is a fine basso-relievo wrought in Parian marble, which represents an Egyptian woman, apparently a priestess of Isis. She appears, according to her office, to be invested with the attributes of the goddess. On her head is a lotus-flower and a crescent. In her left hand she holds a bucket; symbol of Isis considered as Luna or the moon, presiding over the liquid element, and drawing forth the fertilising waters of the Nile. Her right hand, which is wanting, appears by the stretched posture of the arm to have been employed in agitating the sistrum. The costume of this figure is well delineated, and worthy of observation.

In the Medici Gallery at Florence is an antique Egyptian altar of granite, ornamented with figures in basso-relievo, representing a procession or triumph of Isis, called *la pompa Isiaca*. Upon this altar is placed an Egyptian statue, in granite, supposed to be a statue of Osiris. Near him is a whip, a cat, and other hieroglyphic figures in basso-relievo.

In an apartment of the Capitol, called *la Camera del Canopo*, is a magnificent double bust of Isis and Apis resting on a lotus-flower.

In the same apartment is a figure of Anubis, holding a sistrum and a caduceus.

In the Villa Borghese is an antique statue, with the head of a cat, supposed to represent Bubastis.

In an apartment of the Capitol, called the *Salone*, is a fine statue of Harpocrates, which was found in the ruins of the Villa Adriano at Tivoli.

Notes.—1 *Isis.* This was the great or supreme goddess of the Egyptians, the wife of Osiris, the chief of their gods. The Greeks pretended that she was Io, the daughter of Inachus; others called her the daughter of Rhea and Saturn. The people of Egypt held that Isis and Osiris had once been human beings, sovereigns of their country, who for their great virtues, and for having taught their subjects the arts of agriculture, had been translated to heaven, where Osiris inhabited the sun, and Isis the moon; and they were at length so confounded with these heavenly bodies, that their worship was united. The bull and the cow were honoured as living symbols of these divinities, and festivals were instituted in their honour: one of the grandest ceremonies of which was the apparition of the bull Apis. The festivals of Isis were celebrated annually, on the joyful occasion of the overflowing of the Nile: to which phenomenon the country of Egypt owes its fertility. Isis was ultimately honoured as the god-

dess of all nature, sovereign of the land and of the sea, the prolific principle, to whom mortals were indebted for every sublunary good. She has a great variety of names, and is represented under many different figures. Sometimes she has her head crowned with towers, or furnished with horns like a bullock: sometimes she is covered with a long veil reaching to her feet, like the figure of Minerva (some say Isis), in the temple at Sais, which celebrated statue bore the following inscription:—"I am all that has been, is, or shall be; and no mortal has ever been able to withdraw the veil that covers me."—See a farther account of *Osiris and Isis* in the Appendix.

2 *Anubis.* This divinity was the constant attendant and precursor of Osiris and Isis. Some say that he was the son of Osiris and Nephys; others that he was the son of Mercury; others think that he was Mercury or Hermes himself, because he is sometimes called Hermanubis. The attributes of Anubis are enveloped in great obscurity; but few of the Egyptian gods were more celebrated, or held offices of more importance. Some writers have maintained that he was the Egyptian Aurora; others, that he was a symbolical personification of the horizontal circle, which separates the visible from the invisible part of the world. He was exhibited under the figure of a dog, or that of a man with a dog's head. In the processions made at Rome in honour of Isis, Anubis was carried about as a stick with the head of a dog. Anubis was

much honoured all over Egypt; but more particularly in the city of Cynopolis, where sacred dogs were kept in his temples, and fed at the expense of the public.

3 *Bubastis.* This divinity (said to be the daughter of Osiris and Isis) seems to have been the Egyptian Diana, as her functions and attributes in some sort resembled those of that goddess among the Greeks, except that she had nothing to do with hunting; but she was a chaste divinity, and seems to have had some influence on the birth of human beings. She had a magnificent temple at Bubastis, a city of Lower Egypt, seated on a branch of the Nile. In the time of Herodotus, the inhabitants of Egypt went in crowds to Bubastis, to celebrate the festival of this goddess. He mentions, that on these occasions there were sometimes assembled seven hundred thousand persons. On the days preceding these festivals the Nile was covered with boats, splendidly ornamented, and filled with persons singing and playing on musical instruments as they proceeded towards the city; which, on account of its consecration, has been called by the Latin poets *Sancta Bubastis.* After a certain lapse of time these festivals fell into disrepute, and at the period of the Roman conquest they were but little regarded. The goddess was worshipped under the form of a cat; and such was the general veneration for this animal, that the cats that died even in distant parts of Egypt were salted and sent to Bubastis to be buried. The head of a cat was often carved on the sistrum of Isis. This animal was

believed to have some mysterious sympathy with the moon, of which Isis was a symbol. Some have believed that Bubastis was only another name of Isis.

4 *Apis.* This was a sacred bull, adored at Memphis as a living representation of the god Osiris. He was distinguished from the rest of his species by many particular marks, that served as proofs of his being really the animal in which Osiris chose to be honoured among the people. His colour was black; he had a white star on his forehead, the figure of an eagle on his back, a crescent on his right side, a knot resembling the sacred scarabæus or beetle under his tongue, with other insignia, to the number of twenty-five. His stables were very magnificent; and attached to them were alleys and meadows of great beauty, that were consecrated solely to his use. Apis was allowed to live twenty-five years; at the expiration of which time, if he did not die a natural death, he was with great solemnity drowned by the priests; and the people mourned and lamented with signs of the deepest affliction, till a successor, bearing all the required distinctive marks, could be found. This was generally done in eight or nine days; and the mourning was then changed into an excess of joy and gladness. Apis gave oracles by breathing into the ears of his suppliants. There was another sacred bull called Mnevis, which was peculiarly honoured in the city of Heliopolis; and there were one or two others of less note.

5 *Harpocrates.* There are scarcely any of the Egyp-

tian divinities of whom more confused accounts have been given than of Harpocrates. Among the learned who have made the deepest researches respecting his nature and origin, it is now generally understood that he was a symbolical representation of the rising sun, considered in his diurnal course, or more especially in his annual rising, immediately after he has passed the winter solstice, when his beams are yet weak, and the day of short duration; and he was thus supposed to represent that gently vivifying power in nature that promotes the springing up and budding of tender plants. There was nothing more common in Egyptian sculpture than the figure of Harpocrates as a young child, weak and defective in its feet, with a whip in one hand, and a finger of the other resting on his lips, and sitting on the flower of the lotus (*nymphæa-nelumbo*), which expands itself on the surface of the water, and begins to flower about the time of the winter solstice. The finger held upon the mouth might be intended to convey an idea of infancy or tender age, typified by the form of a child too young to articulate, or as a sign of wanting its food. The whip is an antique symbol of power and dominion; and is in this sense an appropriate attribute of the sun, whether considered in his wintry-solsticial or infant state, or in all the plenitude of his force.

Harpocrates was considered as the offspring of Osiris and Isis, or of Serapis and Isis. The Egyptian sculptors often represented the infant child of Isis in the arms of its mother, or suckled at her breast. Some of

the learned believe that Serapis and Harpocrates are but more recent names for Osiris and his son Orus; and tell us that in the most ancient liturgies of Egypt the two latter names were invoked; but that nearly about the time that Alexander entered that country, the two former supplied their place, and that at length the names of Osiris and Orus were as rarely mentioned in Egyptian story and Egyptian worship as those of Saturn and Rhea among the Greeks. This tasteful people considered the figure of Harpocrates, with his finger on his mouth, as an apt and pleasing emblem of secrecy and prudence, and he was therefore called the god of silence. In this character he became so generally considered, that the idea of his symbolical representation of the sun was forgotten, or at least very seldom referred to; and he was at length figured as a full-grown man, and placed at the entrance of temples with his finger on his mouth, to intimate that the mysteries of religion and philosophy belonged to the priests and ministers of the sanctuary, and were not to be revealed to the people.

The figure of Harpocrates, as the god of silence or secrecy, was used by Augustus, and other Roman emperors, as a significant impression for the seals of their letters.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

ORPHEUS, who has already been mentioned in the story of the Argonautic expedition, was the son of Œagrus, king of Thrace, or, according to the poets, of Apollo and the muse Calliope. This prince is always described as one of the finest musicians that ever existed. Mercury made him a present of a lyre, and Apollo gave him a harp: on both of which instruments he played so divinely, that the savage beasts of prey came to hear his music, and lay peaceably down at his feet. The gods of the rivers in mute attention held their urns suspended. The torrents ceased to flow. The wood-nymphs, "light as thistle-down moving," danced to the united harmony of his voice and his lyre; and even the trees of the forest approached towards him.

Greatly however as Orpheus excelled in music,

his attachment to this divine art did not impede his progress in the acquirement of other talents. Among the poets and orators of his age, he bore the palm. He was also celebrated as a philosopher and a theologian. Many were the voyages he made in pursuit of religious information. In Egypt he was initiated into the mysteries of Isis and Osiris; and on his return from his travels, he wrought divers changes in the religious ceremonies of his country, where he was considered as the minister and interpreter of the will of the gods.

This accomplished prince became greatly enamoured of the beautiful nymph Eurydice, and his love met a sincere and faithful return.

After the happy union of Iphis and Ianthe, Hymen quitting the island of Crete, proceeded towards Thrace, having been invited by Orpheus to crown his nuptials with the object that his heart had chosen. The god accordingly appeared in his temple, arrayed in his saffron-colour robe, with a vesture of purple falling over his left arm. On his head he wore a garland of roses and marjoram; and in his right hand he bore a torch, which he continually but vainly agitated to m[illegible] flame burn clear and bright. It flickered, a[illegible] a mournful lugubrious light; and when, acc[illegible] to his office, he went to adorn the nuptial

ment, the torch became suddenly extinguished, and the room was filled with smoke. These dire presages were soon followed by the melancholy event of which they were *les mauvaises augures*.

Eurydice, a few days after her marriage, was enjoying the cool breeze of evening in a verdant meadow, when she was suddenly surprised by the appearance of Aristæus, a young prince who delighted much in rustic occupations, and who, having frequently seen her among the nymphs that presided in his rural domain, had conceived for her a very ardent attachment; and as he was jealous of the happiness of Orpheus, he now hoped to seize the beautiful object of his affections, and to carry her off by force. To avoid his pursuit, Eurydice fled into a neighbouring wood, and was there joined by a troop of Naiades; at the sight of whom Aristæus abandoned his wicked purpose, and skulked away intimidated and ashamed. Eurydice walking in the long grass, inadvertently trod upon a serpent. It bit her foot. The wound was mortal; and she expired, amidst the lamentations and tears of her young companions.

The author of this tragical event was punished by the gods, in the loss of his crops, his cattle, and his bees, and he suffered a long series of disappointments in his rural concerns; but being at

length directed to appease the manes of Eurydice by sacrifices, he followed the pious injunctions, and was restored to his former prosperity.

In the mean time Orpheus, who had been inconsolable for the loss of his beloved Eurydice, wept day and night, refusing to be comforted. Suddenly he formed the daring resolution of visiting the infernal regions, and imploring the sovereign of the manes tores tore her.

Seizing his lyre, with the harmonious sounds of which he had so often awakened the echoes of Mount Rhodope, and held the savage inhabitants of the forests in mute attention, Orpheus entered the cavern of Tænarus, and descended to the borders of the Styx; which having crossed, he pursued his way through a region peopled with shades, moving in all directions, and at length found himself in the awful presence of Pluto and Proserpine. With faltering hand he struck a chord in unison with his feelings, and joining the touching sounds of his fine voice to the harmony of his lyre, he thus addressed them:—

"Tremendous divinities! who reign in these awful and tenebrous realms, into which all the inhabitants of the earth must one day enter, deign, O deign to listen to my prayer! no idle curiosity prompts my visit to your sombre domain. I come

not with a view to lead the grizzly Cerberus in chains, or to liberate heroes who may here be subject to your power; but I come impelled by grief for the loss of an amiable and beloved wife, whom Death, the inexorable minister of your decrees, has seized on in the bloom of youth. In vain have I essayed to vanquish my sorrow and my despair! Love has triumphed over every effort. The power of this divinity is felt and acknowledged in heaven and on earth; and the golden chain which unites you to each other is said to be the work of his hands. I conjure you, by every object that can move your pity, to restore my beloved Eurydice. Yet a few years, and the dear object of this my supplication will return to your dominions. All you can grant is only a short delay. O be not inflexible to the prayer of the miserable Orpheus!"

Thus Orpheus prayed, and the stern divinities of Erebus were moved to compassion! The thrilling melody of his voice, joined to the solemn and harmonious accords of his lyre, had for a while suspended all the torments of Tartarus. The wheel of Ixion stopped! The cooling stream escaped not from the parched lips of Tantalus! Sisyphus sat down upon his rock; and the Danaides rested from their useless toil. The shades of the

departed sighed; and the Eumenides[1] felt their cheeks for a moment softened by tears which the Charities[2] would scarcely have disowned!

Orpheus obtained permission to re-conduct his beloved Eurydice to the abode of mortals, on condition that he looked not behind him till he should be entirely out of the dominions of Pluto. The condition was accepted with ecstasy; and Eurydice being consigned to the care and guidance of her delighted husband, they proceeded together towards this upper world. A certain part of the gloomy road which they had to pursue was so narrow that only one could proceed at a time. Orpheus led the way; but, alas! suddenly forgetting the condition of Eurydice's enlargement, he inadvertently turned himself to see if she was following. He saw her, indeed, but it was for the last time. She sighed "adieu," and disappeared for ever!

Observations.—Bartolozzi has made a beautiful engraving of a drawing on this subject by Signor Cipriani. It exhibits Orpheus returning from the infernal regions, accompanied by his beloved Eurydice, who appears to be terrified at the barking of Cerberus. Cupid walks before, bearing a torch to light them in their way through the intricate

and gloomy passages; the last of which proved so fatal to the happiness of the enterprising anxious lover.

Beautiful figures of the Graces are to be seen in every museum.

Notes.—1 *Eumenides*, called also Erinnyes and Furies, were the dreadful ministers of celestial vengeance. They are represented with horrible countenances, having serpents on their heads instead of hair: they are clothed in torn and bloody garments: they bear in their hands torches, whips, and scorpions; and their attendants are Terror, Rage, Paleness, and Death. The three principal furies were named Tisiphone, Megara, and Alecto. They were always employed in punishing the guilty, both on earth and in the infernal regions. They inflicted their vengeance on the living by wars, dissensions, pestilence, and the secret stings of conscience; and in the realms of Pluto they punished criminals by continual flagellations and torments. They had temples and altars both in Greece and Rome. The people avoided mentioning their names in common conversation, considering them as words of ill-omen. The worship rendered to them seems to have been instigated by fear, and the offerings that were made must have been given with a view

to deprecate their vengeance. They resided on the confines of Tartarus.

2 *Charities.* This was a name given to the Graces; considered as presiding over the qualities of the mind, the virtues of the heart, and the moral character. Their number *three* was perhaps a *pene*, or universal number, expressive of their influence in perfecting all that is truly graceful and beautiful in heaven, earth, and sea. The whole of human virtue, in all its different ramifications, is comprehended in the word charity. It is the perfection of human character. It assimilates man to God; and is the fulfilment of that divine precept, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." (Let every young person commit to memory St. Paul's description of charity in the thirteenth chapter of his 1st Epistle to the Corinthians.)

The Greeks, who were accustomed to give to their ideas and conceptions "a local habitation and a name," by the sublime art in which they so greatly excelled; that is to say, the art of sculpture, represented their notions of amiable perfection in body and mind by the figures of three beautiful young women joining their hands together: to indicate that to be truly graceful, all the beauties or virtues must be united; and where one is defective or absent, the character, whether moral or physical, is incomplete. It may be passable, it may be pretty, but the Graces or Charities are not there!

Even the goddess of beauty could not ensure her triumphs but when attended by the Graces.

The Athenians having assisted the inhabitants of the Chersonesus in a pressing emergency, the latter, to commemorate this kindness, erected an altar with this inscription—*This altar is consecrated to the Graces, the goddesses who preside over gratitude.*

The Charities were said to influence all good offices, all acts of kindness. They were represented sometimes with a covering of gauze, and more commonly without any, to denote that all kindnesses ought to be performed with candour and sincerity. They join hands, to show that the interchange of good offices among friends should be constant and without end. The Romans held an annual festival in honour of these goddesses. It was called Carisia. It was celebrated on the 20th of February, when families met together to pass the day in cheerful union. No strangers were admitted. Poor relatives received presents from the rich. Peace was made in the presence of all, among those who had been at variance. They met to forgive, and be forgiven. They made their offerings on the altar of the Graces, and separated with kind feelings and good-will towards each other.

The Graces or Charities had temples in every city of Greece, and there were several in Rome. The most celebrated sculptors made their statues of the finest marble, of ivory, and in one or two instances of gold.

The ancients had sometimes hollow statues of ugly

satyrs, which on being opened the figures of the Charities were perceived within; to denote that perfect grace of mind may be found even where the exterior is not the most pleasing. Socrates compared himself to one of these figures.

DEATH OF ORPHEUS.

THE astonishment and consternation of Orpheus[1] at this second loss of his wife was such as cannot be described, nor even imagined, except by such as have loved as he loved, and felt as he felt.

Orpheus, restored to this world, found nothing in it that could interest him, or awaken the finer energies of his mind. In vain had he implored Charon to ferry him once more over the Styx: his prayers, his tears, and even the melody of his voice and his lyre proved equally unavailing. The surly Stygian had no sympathy of feeling; no taste or ear for music. Frantic with grief, Orpheus threw himself on the banks of the river, and remained in the same spot seven days and seven nights, a prey to the deepest despair. Tears at length came to his relief; and being roused from

a state of stupor, he left the gloomy precincts of Erebus, bitterly inveighing against the obduracy of Charon, and the cruelty of Pluto, in punishing him so severely for an inadvertency induced by the solicitude of sincere and tender affection.

Forsaking the society of his fellow-men, Orpheus now sought the repose of solitude; frequently wandering alone on the highest point of Mount Rhodope, and the still loftier Hæmus, whose summit, beaten by the northern blast, is said (perhaps with poetic exaggeration) to command a view of the Euxine and Adriatic seas.

Three times the globe on which we dwell had performed its annual revolution: in the course of which time many a lovely maiden had sighed for the elegant Orpheus, and many a father had wished to unite the fate of his daughter with that of this accomplished prince; but they sighed and wished in vain! Orpheus could form no second attachment. Faithful to the memory of his beloved Eurydice, he lived in retirement, and soothed his sorrows with the melody of his harp and his lyre.

Near the top of Mount Pangæus was a small grassy plain; but there were no trees to protect its verdure from the scorching rays of the sun. Orpheus happened once, after a long walk, to be sitting in this spot—it was near the close of day:

he was resting himself, and playing one of his divine symphonies—when suddenly he beheld a neighbouring forest advancing towards him, and moving in cadence to the sounds of harmony that swelled on the evening breeze. Before he had ceased his music, he was encircled by trees of innumerable species, forming all around him a thick and boautiful wood.

To this solitude Orpheus was wont to retire, and to solace himself by singing the loves of other heroes, the achievements of the gods; and sometimes in grand and solemn strains to hail the sublime march of the great orb of day, the moon, and all those planetary bodies,

> Which, in the labyrinthian turns they take,
> Their mazes intricate, and windings deep,
> Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence!
>
> YOUNG.

And it was in this solitude that the accomplished Orpheus ultimately met his fate; falling, like Pentheus, a victim to the fury of the menades.

During the celebration of the orgies, the unhappy Orpheus happened to be perceived by some of these frantic devotees, who fell upon him with their thyrses, while their companions assailed him with a shower of stones: but these instruments of

vengeance, softened by his complaints, or by the melody with which they were uttered, fell harmless at his feet. On seeing this, the Bacchantes set up the most frightful howlings, which, together with the noise of timbrels, horns, and a variety of harsh-sounding instruments, which were always used on these occasions, overpowered the soothing accents of his voice, and he was heard no longer. The affrighted inhabitants of this sacred wood, that is, the birds and other animals whose presence had served to decorate the verdant theatre of this enchanting minstrel, now fled away in astonishment and terror. The branches of the very trees which his music had attracted became the weapons of his destruction; and while some of these furious menades were tearing them from the venerable trunks to which they owed their support, others seized the instruments of husbandry belonging to a poor agricultor, and even tore away the horns from the stately foreheads of his oxen: all which objects of their depredation were hurled at the helpless mourner; the soft melody of whose voice, though in his dying moments, was now unable to awaken a sentiment of pity even in the female breast. Thus terrible were the effects of religious frenzy; which, of all species of madness, has ever been the most cruel and the most ini-

mical to the virtue and happiness of the human race.

The death of Orpheus caused a general mourning throughout Thrace. The beasts of the forests, with birds, woods, and rocks, gave tokens of their sorrow: the trees threw off their foliage; the Dryades, with their hair dishevelled, appeared in habits of mourning; the Naiades wept; and the rivers overflowed their banks.

The limbs of the sacred musician lay scattered on the ground: his lyre and his head were thrown into the Hebrus, the stream of which river conveyed them to the sea; and the latter, as it was wafted by the waves, was heard to articulate the name of Eurydice! It was at length cast on the shore of the island of Lesbos; where a serpent, on the point of tearing the face, was instantly petrified by Apollo, who beheld with sorrow and indignation the outrages committed on the person of his favourite.

The remains of Orpheus are said to have been collected by the Muses, who honoured them with the rites of sepulture; but the place of their interment was not exactly known. Some authors assert that Orpheus was buried near Pieria, in Macedonia; and the people about Mount Libethrus, in Thrace, boasted that his tomb was among

them, whilst the inhabitants of Dion pretended that it was in their city. It appears that monuments to his memory were erected in divers places. One of these, a single pillar, bearing an urn of white marble, stood in the middle of a sacred wood near Pieria. On this pillar the earliest bird that "pours its music on the night's dull ear" was wont to sing its plaintive ditty; and those nightingales which had their nests in the trees that threw their shadows on this monument, were said to surpass all others in the clearness, strength, and melody of their voices.

The shade of Orpheus descended into the realms of Pluto; and after passing through the places he had seen in his former visit, he was introduced into the Elysian fields, where he was joined by his beloved Eurydice. These happy spirits were observed to be constant companions; and their felicity is never embittered by a fear of separation.

Bacchus, mourning for the death of Orpheus, transformed his frantic murderers into trees! He then quitted the country, forbidding the future celebration of his orgies in a place where they had been abused to such a tragical purpose.

Observations.—Laborde, in his "*Voyages Pit-*

toresques dans la Suisse," mentions a picture in Mosaic, which has lately been found in that country, which represents Orpheus playing on his lyre; at the sound of which animals of various species are gathered round him, and seem to be peaceably listening to the enchanting strains. This picture is seventeen feet square.

In the Salone de Quadri of the Capitoline Museum is a fine painting by Poussin, exhibiting Orpheus playing on his lyre. The landscape is beautiful.

Note.—1 *Orpheus.* The biography of this prince is blended with so much poetic fiction, that some have even doubted of his existence; but according to the most received opinions, he did really exist, and was a man of very superior learning and talents; and it was on account of the great progress he had made in all useful science, his eloquence and his skill in music, that he was said to be a son of Apollo and the muse Calliope. He introduced the worship of Bacchus and many religious observances that were afterwards practised in Greece. He taught the doctrine of expiations, and many ingenious systems and dogmas, which obtained the name of the Orphic mysteries. He is said to have had very sublime ideas of the existence and agency of a supreme self-existent Deity. The Greeks

were not without some notions of this sort; since, at the very time that they acknowledged (according to Varro) thirty thousand gods, they had an altar at Athens, which, St. Paul informs us, was inscribed, "To the unknown God."—(*Acts of the Apostles*, chap. xvii.) If we may credit St. Justin's account of Orpheus, he was instructed in the knowledge of the true God by some Jews that he met with in Egypt. This seems very doubtful. Mr. Moore, in a note to one of his most beautiful poems, observes, that there are verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which express sublime ideas of the unity and omnipresence of the Deity. It should seem, however, that he considered the sun (Apollo) as a visible appearance of this deity; for the same interesting author mentions that, according to Eratosthenes, such was the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, that he was accustomed to go to the Pangæan mountain at day-break, and there to wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail his beams.

Thou hast heard of him,
Who many a night, with his primordial lyre,
Sate on the chill Pangæan mount,
And looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount
From which his soul had drank its fire.

Oh! think what visions in that lonely hour
Stole o'er his musing breast;
What pious ecstasy

Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this world impress'd
The various forms of bright divinity.

Genius of Harmony.

The solar system (every planet of which was supposed to be harmonised) was called by the ancients "The great lyre of Orpheus."

CYPARISSUS.

CYPARISSUS was an interesting youth, about fifteen years of age, to whom Apollo had confided the care of a favourite stag, which was consecrated to the nymphs who presided over the smiling plains of Carthea, in the island of Cos.

This beautiful stag was very fond of his young guardian, and became so exceedingly tame, that when he followed Cyparissus, as he was accustomed to do, into the neighbouring town, he would enter of his own accord into the houses, and appear content and pleased when caressed by the inhabitants.

The nymphs had adorned this favourite animal in the most costly manner: his superb antlers were covered with gold; his neck encircled with a diamond collar: at his ears were suspended

pearls of an extraordinary size, and over his forehead waved a *panache* of silver.

Sometimes the playful Cyparissus was seen mounted on the back of his stag, while the lively animal, pleased with his burden, bounded lightly over the meadows: sometimes his young guardian was observed to be decking him with garlands of flowers; and sometimes both were found asleep on the grass, the one serving as a pillow for the other.

One fine day, Cyparissus being disposed to amuse himself with his bow and arrows, in the use of which it seems that he was not very expert, he took aim at a large bird, when the arrow missing the mark entered the body of the poor stag, and having penetrated to his heart, laid him dead on the ground.

No words can describe the grief of the unfortunate Cyparissus: he mourned and wept continually; and even Time, whose lenient hand seldom fails to soften and assuage the keen anguish of recent affliction, seemed rather to augment the sorrow of this unhappy youth. In vain Apollo himself endeavoured to console him: he pined away; and with his last expiring breath prayed that he might never cease to mourn.

Apollo being willing to grant the dying re-

quest of a youth he had so dearly loved, metamorphosed him into a cypress-tree;[1] appointing him under this form to add solemnity to the mourning ceremonies of the living, and to cast a funeral shadow over the sacred repositories of the dead.

The cypress being an evergreen of a dark gloomy colour, is on that account frequently planted in places consecrated to solitude and meditation, and near the receptacles of the dead. The Egyptians used cypress planks in preference to all others for making their mummy-cases; and the Athenians buried their heroes in coffins made of this wood.

Note.—1 *Cypress-tree.* The following account of the cypress-tree is taken from Chambers's Dictionary:

"Cypress. *Cupressus*, in natural history, a precious sort of wood, frequent in the island of Cyprus. It is very compact and heavy; and its smell as agreeable as that of sanders. It scarcely ever rots, decays, or is worm-eaten, any more than cedar or ebony: for which reason the ancients used it to make the statues of their gods. In Candia, and particularly about Mount Ida, this tree is said to rise spontaneously wherever the earth is a little dug; but is somewhat difficult to raise by art."

CELESTIAL CUP-BEARERS.

In the account of the Council of the Gods (p. 25.) it is observed that their celestial habitations were situated in that part of the heavens which surround the Mount Olympus; and that the galaxy or milky-way was supposed to be the glorious avenue that led to the palace of Jupiter. The members of the celestial court, in their frequent visits to the mountain, are represented as taking a particular delight in wandering about the pleasant groves, glades, and grottoes, for which it is remarkable. Here they enjoyed the delicious temperature of an eternal spring; and were never annoyed by winds, rain, or clouds. Their happiness is described as being of a pure and abstract nature; such as "we bipeds made up of frail clay" are not only incapacitated to enjoy, but even

to form an idea of. This purity and abstraction, however, does not seem to have rendered them totally insensible to sensual enjoyments; and among some in which they freely indulged, were the homely gratifications of eating and drinking: an enjoyment which in their case, as in ours, was essential to the duration of their existence.

In their occasional excursions to this lower world, the gods and goddesses partook of such food as mortals could set before them, as we have seen in the instances of Ceres, Jupiter, Mercury, &c.; but in their own celestial refectory, their food was ambrosia and their beverage nectar. This divine nourishment or diet had the virtue of preserving them in continual youth and vigour, and of conferring immortality. Aurora rendered Tithonius immortal by causing him to eat ambrosia: which was likewise efficacious in hindering, even among the dead, the progress of mortal decay; and it had also the power of healing wounds. Hence we read in the Iliad, that Apollo preserved the body of Sarpedon from putrefaction by rubbing it with ambrosia; and in the Æneid, we find Venus using it to heal the wounds of her son. The goddesses made use of ambrosia to perfume their hair. Juno did this when she adorned herself to captivate Jupiter; and Venus also, when

she appeared to Æneas: indeed the goddesses were often discovered by the odour of ambrosia, which perfumed the air wherever they were present. Hebe[1] and Ganymedes fed Jupiter's eagle with it.

We may infer from the poets that, at the table of the gods, the ambrosia was prepared in different ways, and exhibited a variety of dishes; as, besides the more solid and substantial ambrosia, which was probably *le plat de résistance*, we read of ambrosial-cakes, ambrosial-water, essence of ambrosia, balm of ambrosia, &c. The nectar seems to have been always presented in a pure and undisguised state. Homer, when speaking of it as poured by the hands of Ganymedes, calls it a red liquor. This Ganymedes held, in the palace of Jupiter, the office of cup-bearer: a post of great honour in the celestial court, and which had been once conferred on Vulcan; who, owing to some personal deformity and peculiarly ungraceful manner, that was perhaps increased by his lameness, performed his duty in such a clumsy way, that the company were kept in continual laughter.

> Vulcan with awkward gait his office plies,
> And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.
>
> POPE'S HOMER.

He was soon dismissed from his employment; and probably was not much displeased at receiving his *congé*, as his inclinations led him to prefer the more laborious exercises of the forge and the anvil.

Vulcan was succeeded in his office by Hebe, the beautiful goddess of youth, who afterwards became the wife of Hercules. Nothing could exceed the charms of her person, or the grace and elegance with which she poured out and presented the divine beverage. All were lavish in her praises, for all admired her. But, alas! celestial admiration, like the frail flower of human happiness, was in this instance but of short duration. Hebe being one day occupied in the duties of her place, her foot slipped, and she fell down in a very awkward position. All the goddesses immediately uttered a loud scream; and Jupiter being very angry at the noise and confusion which this accident occasioned, gave orders that Hebe should present the nectar no longer.

Subito l 'alto Dio dispon la mente
A far che 'l vino a lui più non dispense,
Nè vuol che donna incauta e negligente
Rechi spavento tale, alle sue mense

Volge in giù, gli occhi, quel pensiero ardente,
Dove fra le bellezze umane immense
Ne vede un' atto a star fra gli alti dei
E tal, che di beltà non cede a lei.

ARG.

This was the young and handsome prince Ganymedes, one of the sons of Tros, third king of Dardania; a country which, in honour of this monarch, afterwards bore the name of Troy. Ganymedes, in violation of the most sacred rights, had been detained a prisoner by the king of Lydia; and having at length regained his liberty, went one morning to the top of Mount Ida to breathe the air of freedom, and to review the scenes of his childhood, from which he had been torn away by the hand of violence. Here he joined some hunters in the pursuit of a stag; and while he was ardently engaged in the sport, Jupiter, under the form of an extraordinary large eagle, pounced upon him, and bore him away to the celestial regions, where he was established in the office of cup-bearer, to the great annoyance of Juno, who pouted not a little about the dismission of her daughter Hebe.

Observations.—Hebe is generally represented as a beautiful young goddess, crowned with flowers, and bearing a golden cup. In the cabinet of

Stoch is an engraving, which exhibits Hebe playing with and caressing the eagle of Jupiter. Her scarf, which is put on with negligence and grace, reaches to her feet. Nothing can exceed the beautiful expression of innocence and joy which beams in her countenance. She bends in a graceful attitude towards the eagle, raising his head with one hand, while the majestic bird with his wings half spread seems to have stopped suddenly in his flight, sensible of the happiness of being noticed, and caressed by this young and beautiful goddess.

The late lamented Canova made a beautiful statue of Hebe pouring nectar, of which there are copies in all parts of Europe.

In the gallery of Florence is a very fine antique statue of Ganymedes playing with the eagle of Jupiter.

Among the innumerable paintings and sculptures that represent the rape of Ganymedes, there is nothing ancient or modern that can be compared to the splendid representation of this subject by Titian. The eagle, bearing the object of his mission to the abode of the immortal gods, is seen soaring aloft in the blue ether over the mount, which appears in the bottom of the picture. Ganymedes has no covering, save a sort of light cloak

that partly waves in the air, and is in part twisted round his arms. With one hand he grasps a wing of his plumy conductor, and with an air of awe and wonder has his eyes lifted towards heaven, as if contemplating the immense distance he has yet to travel. The superb eagle continues his grand and lofty flight; and the manner in which he has seized and is carrying the astonished youth is graceful and delicate beyond description. This painting is in the Palazzo Colonna in Rome.

In the Palazzo Buonaparte at Rome is a very fine basso-relievo representation of this subject. There are others in the Museum Pio-Clementino, and in most galleries of the fine arts.

Note.—1 *Hebe.* This blooming divinity, who was considered as the goddess of youth, is sometimes called Ganymede.

HYACINTHUS.

THERE was once a young prince of Laconia, whose name was Hyacinthus:[1] he was the grandson of Lacedæmon and Sparta, by their son Amyclas. His father had taken great care of his education, and Hyacinthus had made a rapid and astonishing progress in all his studies; so that on account of his great acquirements he was said to be beloved by the Muses, and to have been a favourite of Apollo, the god of music, poetry, and eloquence. Some authors say that Hyacinthus was the son of Pierus and the muse Clio; a report that probably originated from some intended compliment on his extensive knowledge of history, or his superior talent as an historian, Clio being the muse that is said to preside over that science.

In the hours of relaxation from study this

young prince amused himself by engaging in the most exhilirating rural sports; and he passed his moments of leisure in the fields, where Apollo was his frequent companion.

One day, as they happened to be playing together at the discus, a game by the moderns called quoits, the latter threw the pellet with such force that it rebounded from the ground, and hit Hyacinthus, who was running to pick it up, a mortal blow on the forehead, of which he presently died. Apollo seeing him fall, ran and caught him in his arms, endeavouring to stop the blood with his garments; but finding all his efforts unavailing, he determined to perpetuate the memory of his young friend by causing his blood to produce a flower which, according to the poets, bears the name of Hyacinthus. By their description, however, it does not seem to be the flower known to us by that name, as they say it has the form of a white lily, though its colour is red or purple; and they observe that on its leaves (some say its roots) may be traced the letters *a, i;* which being pronounced together, express the sighs of Apollo; who now predicted, that at a future period a hero who should fall by his own hand should leave to posterity in these letters the initials of his name, which being traced on this blood-sprung flower,

should perpetuate the remembrance of his fate, as well as the lamentations uttered by himself on account of the death of Hyacinthus.

The death of the young Laconian prince caused a general mourning; and the Spartan festivals called Hyacinthia were instituted in his honour.

La beltà, e lo splendor del suo bel viso
Entra tutto in quel bel fior simile al giglio;
Ma resta in questo sol da lui diviso,
Ch' egli è candido fior, questo è vermiglio,
Primo che tomi Apollo al Paradiso,
Chinò verso il bel fior la mano è 'l ciglio,
E nelle foglie sue porporee e vive
Il dolor di Giacinto, e il suo descrive.

Scrisse ei nel fior della novella pianta
Nota ch' è lagrimevole e funesta
Non sen vergogna Sparta, anzi sen vanta,
Ch' ogni anno fa la sua solenne festa,
La quale il nome suo con pompa canta,
E il nome di Giacintia ancor le resta;
Dove nel rinnovar la sua memoria,
Del fanciullo, e del fior si vanta e gloria.

The young prince Hyacinthus having delighted much in the pleasures of rural life, this gave occasion to the poets to represent him not only as the *protégé* of Apollo, but also as the favourite of Zephyrus; who becoming jealous at the preference he discovered for his Delphian patron, had

maliciously turned aside the disk, and thus became accessory to the death of a young prince whose superior talents rendered him an ornament to his country.

Observations.—The celebrated painting of the death of Hyacinthus, by Domenichino, is considered as the finest possible representation of this sad event; and is by many connoisseurs considered as the master-piece of that great artist. We believe it is in the Palazzo Borghese, but are not certain.

Note.—1 *Hyacinthus.* This youth was called the favourite of Apollo because of his great talents, and the extraordinary progress he had made in all the arts over which Apollo was supposed to preside.

PYGMALION.

THE southern part of the island of Cyprus was once inhabited by a people who bore the name of Cerastes. In their capital city, named Amathus or Amathonte, they had erected an altar to Jupiter-Hospitalier; yet they wickedly violated the laws of hospitality so far, as to sacrifice upon that very altar every stranger who came to seek an asylum among them. Venus, to whom this island was particularly dear, it being according to some authors the first land she saw when she emerged from the ocean, was so shocked at this deceit and cruelty, that she was on the point of quitting this favoured country for ever; but on more deliberate reflection she determined to punish the offenders in their own persons, and accordingly metamorphosed them into bulls.

In spite of this terrible example, the daughters of Propœtus, who were generally known by the appellation of the Propœtides, dared to deny the divinity of this goddess, and became so bold and dissolute in their manners, that they at length lost every sentiment of goodness; and Venus, desirous of saving the better inhabitants from the pernicious effects of their evil example, caused them to harden into stones.

Pygmalion, a celebrated statuary of this island, was so disgusted with the manners of its female inhabitants, that he determined never to marry; and he accordingly lived for many years in a state of celibacy. He at length fell desperately in love with a statue of his own workmanship; and so entirely was he absorbed in the contemplation of this beautiful figure, that he often passed whole days in looking at it. Sometimes he would touch it gently, and with a trembling hand, as if doubtful respecting its being really a statue; and sometimes he adorned it with rings, necklaces, and other ornaments, and call it his beloved companion.

The island being consecrated to Venus, a very solemn annual festival was observed in honour of that goddess. Her temples were on these occasions crowded with worshippers; and costly

gums of Arabia smoked on innumerable altars.

Pygmalion, who was very punctual in the observance of all religious ceremonies, devoutly presented himself before the *simulacre* or image of the divinity he adored; and having made his offering, he ventured, though with a tremulous voice, to utter this prayer:—"O goddess! behold, I pray thee, my lonely situation, and deign to give me an amiable consort. Be propitious to my desires, and let the spouse thou accordest to my humble prayer be——." He dared not say *my statue*, but only "like my statue." The goddess announced that his prayer was approved, and assured him of her protection by a favourable omen. The flames on the altar blazed up three times in an extraordinary manner, and at length rose into the air, forming a luminous track that remained visible for a considerable time.

Pygmalion returned home, and hastening, as he was wont, to visit his statue, perceived to his great joy that it was warm, and its colour more like that of a human being. The whole substance softened by degrees, and after some time he observed the appearance of veins and arteries, and soon felt the pulses beat under his hand.

Transported with joy, and no longer doubting of his happiness, Pygmalion made an offering of gratitude to the goddess; and his nuptials with the fair object of his affections were soon after solemnised in the presence of all his neighbours. The happy couple in the course of time had a son, whom they called Paphus; and some authors say that he founded the city of Paphos, now called Bafo, and erected therein a magnificent temple, in which the figure of the goddess was seen sitting in a car drawn by swans and doves. This celebrated temple contained a hundred altars, which were never stained with blood, as the priests offered no animals in sacrifice. The offerings were costly gums and rich perfumes; and these altars daily smoked with a profusion of Arabian frankincense.

Note.—1 *Statue.* This pretended statue is supposed to be a young person whom Pygmalion caused to be educated at his own expense at a distance from his place of residence, where the manners of the women were in general very corrupt. As his profession was that of a sculptor, she was humorously called his statue.

ADONIS.

CINYRAS, king of Cyprus, is said to have been the son of Paphus. He is described as a prince who possessed great talents, both natural and acquired. He gave great encouragement to artists and artificers of every description; and he is supposed to have been the first who discovered the copper-mines which afterwards proved a source of wealth to the country. With all these qualities and advantages he seems to have been a man of dissolute manners, and much addicted to the vice of drinking to excess; and some instances of his conduct, while in a state of inebriation, have thrown a blot on his memory that can never be effaced. His queen, Cenchreis, is represented as a vain giddy woman, extremely proud of her beauty,

but at the same time particularly exact in the performance of all religious observances.

The festival of the goddess Ceres was approaching, and Cenchreis went to assist at the service of the temple, in which she was to be engaged for several days. In her absence Cinyras fell into a snare that was laid for him by two infamous women, who prevailed on him, in defiance of his nuptial vows, to make love to another princess; and he soon had the shame and mortification to find that the object of this illicit attachment was his own daughter, Myrrha: struck with confusion, he pursued the princess with his sword, and would have killed her, but she eluded his purpose by immediate flight; and finding an opportunity of quitting the island, she escaped into Arabia, where, after having wandered about the deserts for several months, she was metamorphosed into a tree, to which the Arabians gave the name of Mor, but which is known to us by the name of the Myrrh-tree.

All the different authors who have related the story of this princess agree respecting her metamorphosis; but some of them assert that she was not the daughter of Cinyras, but the wife of his son Ammone; and add, that she was driven away by

her husband for having mocked and laughed at his father's follies while in a state of intoxication.

The nymphs of the surrounding country came to admire the new tree. While they were dancing joyously round it, the branches suddenly became violently agitated; the trunk opened, and in the opening they perceived a beautiful little infant. Possessing themselves of this lovely charge, they laid him on the tender grass, and perfumed him with the drops of gum that distilled from his own maternal tree. The child throve amazingly under their care, and being an inhabitant of the woods and mountains, he was attached to the occupations and amusements of rural life; and this attachment increased with his years. Venus[1] took him under her protection, and he grew up gay and happy.

The goddess of beauty being one day playing with her son Cupid, an arrow happened to fall from his quiver, by which his mother was slightly wounded. She pushed away the playful boy, and did not suppose that such a trifling scratch could produce any serious consequences. In this, however, she was mistaken; for from that moment she could think only of Adonis; every object appeared to her in a new light. She abandoned Cytherea, Paphos, Cnidas, Amathus, and even the divine Olympus. The company of Adonis was her only

delight. She followed him on the mountains; she had recourse to art to heighten her beauty; she accompanied him in the chase of the stag, with her robe fastened above her knee like the celestial huntress Diana. When fatigued with the chase, she would sit down by him and amuse him with tales and stories; and she always concluded her narrations and her visits by exhorting him to confine his pursuits to the timid animals of the woods, and never to attack any ferocious beast lest he should ultimately fall a victim to his temerity.

The goddess, according to custom, had one day passed some time in the company of her favourite, and had amused him by relating the story of Atalanta and Hippomenes: after which she terminated her visit, repeating her usual caution against the pursuit of any animal, except such as from its natural timidity would flee before his arrows; and then ascending her pearly car, was borne away by her swans into the regions of the air.

Scarcely had the goddess disappeared from the view of her admiring lover than he espied an enormous wild boar, which his dogs had driven from the shelter of the forest. Animated with youthful valour, he made towards the enraged animal, and pierced him with his lance: when the

boar, rendered still more furious by the pain, turned to attack him; and Adonis was mortally wounded by his tusks. Venus heard the complaints of her dying *protégé*, and hastening to his relief, found him weltering in his blood. Frantic with grief, the beauteous goddess beat her breast, tore her hair, and complained bitterly of the cruelty of Destiny! She then stretched the corpse on a bed of lettuces, sprinkling it with nectar, and shedding a flood of tears.

When the first transports of her grief were somewhat subsided, the goddess resolved to perpetuate the memory of this beloved youth, by causing the vital stream that issued from his wound to produce a new and beautiful flower. She accordingly threw some nectar on the ensanguined spot of ground, and the blood immediately divided itself into a thousand little balls or bubbles of different colours, and in a short time produced a flower somewhat resembling the double blossoms of the pomegranate, but more delicate, and less durable. This flower obtained the name of anemone.

The shade of Adonis descended into the infernal regions, where Proserpine became enamoured of his beauty. Venus prayed that he might be restored to her, and Proserpine desired to keep him.

Jupiter committed the pretensions of the rival goddesses to the decision of the muse Calliope; and it was determined that Adonis should pass six months of every year, beginning them at the autumnal equinox, with Proserpine, and the other six, beginning at the vernal equinox, with Venus.

The Phœnicians and Athenians observed solemn festivals in honour of Adonis, which were called the Adonia. They began with mourning and lamentation for his death, and ended with hymns and ceremonies expressive of joy for his restoration.

Among the various insignia carried in procession at the festival of the Adonia were a sort of shallow square boxes or trays: some filled with earth, and having young sallad growing in them; others filled with very wet sand, into which were stuck beautiful flowers, leaves, and branches, which by the humidity of the sand were preserved for some time in all their beauty, but having no root, they soon drooped and faded. These boxes or trays were borne by young girls, and were displayed as emblems of the youth, beauty, and early death of the favourite of Venus. They were called gardens of Adonis.

Observations.—Most galleries of the fine arts

have some paintings or sculpture that represent Venus playing with her son Cupid. Sometimes she is seen holding his quiver aloft in the air, and as he jumps to obtain it his hand already touches one of the arrows. Sometimes he is striving to get a straw that Venus is balancing on the point of one of her fingers; and he is sometimes seen sitting at the feet of his mother, who is showing him an arrow. There is a disgusting picture in the Florentine Gallery in which Venus is combing Cupid with a small comb.

Of Venus there are statues and paintings without number; to enumerate them would require a volume. This goddess has often been the best production of the best artists, both ancient and modern. The three most celebrated antique statues of Venus now existing, are the Venus de Medici at Florence, the Venus of the Museo Clementino at Rome, and the Venus d'Arles, in the Louvre at Paris. This last statue was found at Arles (a town in the south of France) in the year 1684. The inhabitants presented it to Louis XIV.

In the Palazzo Borghese is a fine painting of Cupid caressing Adonis, by Paul Veronese.

In the Museo Pio-Clementino is an admired statue of Adonis wounded.

In the Palazzo Doria is a Venus and Cupid by Paul Veronese.

In the Palazzo Barberini at Rome is a good modern statue of Adonis by Giuseppe Mazzola.

Note.—1 *Venus.* The blood of this goddess, according to the poets, on this occasion communicated a colour to roses which before this time had all been white. In her grief and confusion, Venus was much scratched by the thorns of a rose-bush which grew near the place where Adonis lay wounded. Some drops of her blood fell on the bush, and the roses immediately assumed their present beautiful colour.

In the Appendix is an account of the loves of Adonis and the Phœnician Venus; that is to say, Venus-Urania, or Venus-Astarte: the story is selected from Monsieur de Ramsay's "Voyages de Cyrus."

ATALANTA AND HIPPOMENES.

ATALANTA,[1] a young princess of extraordinary beauty, was the daughter of Schœneus, king of Scyros. She became remarkable for her dexterity in the use of the bow, and still more so for her swiftness in running.

This princess having been warned by an oracle that a great misfortune would follow her entrance into the connubial state, determined to live in celibacy. Many, however, were the princes who sought her in marriage; and her father at length insisted on her making choice of a husband. Atalanta pleaded her disinclination to marry; but this plea not satisfying her parent, she promised him that she would accept the hand of the youth, whoever he might be, who should be able to outrun her; and in order to deter any of her lovers from entering the lists, she adroitly engaged her father to

publish an edict, that the pretender to her hand who should be vanquished by her should be put to death. Such, however, was the power of her charms, that many a hero dared the course, and perished, the victim of his temerity.

On one of these occasions there stood among the spectators a young man, named Hippomenes, who seeing the preparations and the youth who was about to stake his life in this perilous enterprise, began to make some sage animadversions on the madness that could induce him thus to forget and violate the first law of nature, and rashly seek to obtain a wife at a risk so great, and so far above the merit of any woman existing in the world. Need we observe that our young philosopher had not yet seen Atalanta. She appeared: threw aside her veil; and Hippomenes was a sage no longer! Too good to form, or rather too good to cherish a wish inimical to the life of the enterprising lover, and at the same time too much in love to wish him success, Hippomenes turned away in the hope of conquering the new and tormenting feelings with which his mind was agitated. Vain was the attempt! The fair vision of Atalanta was still before his eyes! still present to his imagination; and he felt by turns the extremes of love and jealousy.

Victory was on the part of the princess; and this victory was no sooner announced, than Hippomenes sought to gain admission to her presence. This was attended with no small difficulty, and was a work of time; but he at last succeeded in obtaining an audience, in which his heart was so deeply interested.

"Deign," cried he, "deign, adorable Atalanta, to run a race with me. Should fortune favour my pretensions, you will have no reason to blush at your defeat, or at the name of your vanquisher. I am the great-grandson of Neptune by my father Megara, and my grandfather Oncheste. If I fall, your triumph over Hippomenes will render your name immortal."

Atalanta looked at her new lover with more than ordinary complacency; and there was a sort of tender solicitude in her smile, that half betrayed an inclination to save him the trouble of running. But then the frightful prediction of the oracle came across her mind, and she exclaimed—"Poor unfortunate youth! He also must share the fate of his predecessors! for I have sworn that I will live and die in a state of celibacy, unless one be found who shall fulfil the conditions published by my father: conditions, the accomplishment of which, now more than ever, appear to be impossible!"

The course was appointed; and as a preparation for this perilous undertaking, Hippomenes determined to pay his vows in the temple of Venus, and to implore her protection. In his way to the sanctuary, he met the goddess coming from her favourite orchard of Tamasa. In her hand she held three golden apples, which she had just gathered from a majestic tree that grew in the middle of that delightful plantation. To all eyes, except to those of Hippomenes, the goddess was invisible; but being aware that he was going to present an offering on her altar, she discovered herself to him: bade him be of good cheer; gave him the precious apples, with directions how to use them to his advantage, and assured him that if he proved obedient to her instructions he should find her propitious to his desires.

The hour appointed for the course was now come. The trumpet sounded. The young couple started; and so light and nimble was their flight, that they might have passed on the billows of the ocean without wetting their feet, or over the ripe standing corn without bending its stalks. Atalanta darting swift as an arrow from the bow of a hardy Scythian, soon left Hippomenes far behind! Upon which he dexterously threw one of the apples, which rolled down a declivity in the sight of the princess, who being eager to possess the

golden treasure quitted the course and ran after it, and having seized it, returned to pursue her lover. A second time she got before him, when he again threw an apple, and again diverted her from the interesting career. The third apple was thrown, and amidst the acclamations of a thousand spectators Hippomenes arrived first at the goal!

Crowned with the trophies of his success, the happy lover soon after received the hand of the princess in marriage. The young couple loved each other with the most ardent and tender affection, and their felicity seemed to be complete. But, alas! they had forgotten the goddess to whose special favour they were indebted for their union. They went not to worship in her temple: they presented no offering on her altars, and Venus being exceedingly offended at this neglect, determined to punish them by suffering them to sink into a total indifference for the worship of the gods in general.

One day Atalanta and Hippomenes having fatigued themselves with wandering in a wood, in the middle of which stood a temple consecrated to the worship of the goddess Cybele, they carelessly passed the sacred edifice, and went to rest themselves in the cool precincts of a neighbouring

grotto, in which the priests had deposited the antique statues of several of the gods. The two lovers entered the grotto without showing the least sign of respect or reverence for these sacred images, and seemed to think of nothing but their own personal ease and comfort. This indifference provoked the goddess Cybele, who seems to have been not less irritable and vindictive than the rest of the celestial sisterhood, and she transformed them into lions, and caused them to be harnessed to her car.

Thus ended the race, the marriage, and the loves of Hippomenes and Atalanta; and thus was fulfilled the menacing prediction of the oracle.

Observations.—In the Florentine Gallery is a painting by Sebastian Marsili, representing Atalanta gathering up an apple thrown by her lover, who has by this stratagem preceded her in the chase. There are several spectators; among whom the most striking figure is that of the Grand-duke, Cosmo the First, on horseback, said to be a striking likeness.

The same subject is represented in some fine statues that were originally at Marly. They are said to be now in the gardens of the Tuileries.

Note.—1 *Atalanta.* Some authors have confounded this princess with Atalanta the daughter of the king of Arcadia, whose presence at the chase of the Calydonian boar proved fatal to the lives of the unfortunate prince Meleager and his two uncles; but it is an error.

MIDAS.

We have already observed, that Bacchus being disgusted with a country, in which his beloved minister Orpheus had perished, had determined to leave it. He accordingly set out, accompanied by his usual suite of menades, satyrs, &c., and went to visit the vine-covered hills about Mount Tmolus, and the smiling meadows which stretch along the banks of the Pactolus, the sands of which river had not yet excited human cupidity by being enriched with gold. Old Silenus was absent from the joyous group. He had been surprised by some Phrygian peasants, who having found him in a fit of intoxication had made him their prisoner. They bound their drunken captive with wreaths of flowers, and hastened to present him to their king, Midas. This prince, who had been taught the

worship of Bacchus by Orpheus and the Athenian Eumolpus, received Silenus with the greatest demonstrations of joy, and celebrated his arrival by splendid festivals, which lasted ten days and ten nights: after which he conducted him in person to Bacchus, who being exceedingly pleased with this mark of attention and attachment, offered to reward his kindness by granting him the first request he should make. This stupid prince thinking to improve to the utmost this apparently fine opportunity of becoming extremely rich, begged to be endowed with the power of turning every thing he should touch into gold. He obtained his indiscreet wish, and hastened to make trial of this more than alchymic power. He touched an oak, a stone, some ears of corn: all became gold. He gathered some apples; and they might instantly have been mistaken for the brilliant production of the gardens of the Hesperides, or the orchard of Tamasa. On arriving home, he touched the doors of his palace, and immediately they were doors of burnished gold. He dipped his hands in water, and the transmuted element might have deceived Danae a second time. Delighted with this newly-acquired power, the royal alchymist sat down to dine; but in attempting to eat, his teeth struck against an ingot of gold. Then it

was that Midas became sensible of his folly, and perceived with horror that he was on the point of starving in the midst of plenty. Struck with the misery of his situation, he exclaimed—" O Bacchus, forgive my folly! have pity on my misery. I repent of the error, that induced me to ask a power so incompatible with the wants and weaknesses of human nature. Take it from me; for mercy's sake, take it from me!"—Bacchus, the most good-natured and most compassionate of all the gods, took pity on him, and ordered him to make a progress through the river Pactolus, by entering it at the *embouchure* or mouth, proceeding against the stream till he should arrive at the source, into which he was directed to plunge his head three times. Midas obeyed, and happily lost his alchymic qualities. Since this event, gold has been found in considerable quantities in the water and amongst the sands of this celebrated river.

Cured of his inordinate desire of riches, Midas now began to acquire some taste for retirement and the simple pleasures of rural life. In the course of his excursions and wanderings about the country, he formed an acquaintance with the god Pan, who frequently retired to the shady hollows and caverns of Mount Tmolus, in order to seek

repose, or to solace himself with the sound of his rustic flute. Midas was wont to listen with delight to Pan's music, and frequently clapped his hands, declaring that nothing in this world was ever half so fine.

The applause of the Phrygian monarch, whose taste for this divine art was pretty nearly on a par with his intellectual endowments, together with the praises of the young nymphs who inhabited the neighbouring woods, inspired Pan with such an exalted idea of the melody of his flute, and of his skill as a performer thereon, that he had at length the vanity to imagine his music altogether very superior to that of Apollo,[1] whom he now presumptuously challenged to a competition that might determine which of the two had the advantage.

The presiding genius or spirit of the mountain was called upon to sit as judge in this difficult case. The venerable umpire having his temples encircled with a wreath of oak-leaves, acorns, and vine-tendrils, presented himself before the rival musicians, and taking his seat, commanded Pan to begin. The sylvan god exerted all his musical powers, and sweet were the varied strains! Midas, attracted by the sound, came running to the spot, with looks that showed the difficulty with

which he restrained his noisy acclamations. The hoary divinity of the mountain then turned his head towards Apollo, who on this occasion appeared with more than ordinary grace and beauty. On his head he wore a garland of laurel fresh gathered from Mount Parnassus. His vesture was a robe of Tyrian purple. In his left hand he held a lyre of ivory enriched with diamonds, and in his right a plectrum or bow of silver. Rising with superior grace and dignity, he struck the chords of his lyre, and drew forth such thrilling sounds of celestial harmony, as very soon induced the arbiter thus to pronounce his judgment:

"I give it as my decided opinion, that the flute of Pan must on all occasions yield to the lyre of Apollo."[1]

Midas, on hearing this decision, became very angry; and, in a noisy, clamorous manner, declared that the judge was very incompetent, and his opinion false and erroneous: upon which Apollo instantly punished his ignorance and impertinence, by causing his ears to become, both in size and shape, exactly like those of a donkey.

Midas skulked away; and shutting himself up in his palace, bemoaned his fate for some time. He at last, however, contrived to conceal his ears under

a tiara, magnificent and splendid beyond any he had ever worn before. This secret, unfortunately, could not be concealed from the monarch's barber; who not daring to publish it, for fear of drawing on himself the vengeance of his royal master, dug a hole in the ground, and having whispered therein what he had beheld, he covered it with earth and retired. A great quantity of rushes soon sprang up in this spot; and when they were agitated by the wind, they sent forth a rustling sound that to every passenger seemed to articulate words, of which the meaning was, "*King Midas has the ears of an ass.*"

Observations.—To the sublime genius of the immortal Raphael we are indebted for a beautiful picture representing Midas receiving the drunken Silenus, who stands in the presence of the Phrygian monarch, supported by Pan and a satyr, and seems to be asking hospitality. Midas appears to observe his guest with marked astonishment. He is attended by two of his courtiers; one of whom pointing towards Silenus, seems to be making some sage observations on the folly of drunkenness.

Silenus is often represented mounted on an ass, and evidently in a state of intoxication. On a

gold cup in the Royal Museum at Paris he appears mounted on a camel.

Praxiteles made a statue of Silenus dancing. This statue was afterwards transported to Rome. In the Villa Borghese there is a statue of Silenus holding in his arms an infant Bacchus. A copy of this statue in marble is in the gardens of the Tuileries.

At Pergamus the tomb of Silenus was shown to strangers, and near it he had a temple.

Note.—1 *Apollo.* Apollo was a symbolical representation of the sun; and the accord, symmetry, and order of the heavenly bodies (all of which were supposed by the ancients to emit a musical sound that together formed a continual concert to the divinity) was expressed by the symbolical instrument of music which the poets have placed in his hands; the rays of light forming the plectrum or bow, with which, as the great spirit of Harmony, he is supposed to touch the celestial lyre.

It was probably the frequent mention of this plectrum in the works of the poets that induced the immortal Raphael, in his celebrated Parnassus, to represent Apollo playing on a violin or fiddle; or, as the violin is considered as the most perfect of all stringed instru-

ments, this great artist might perceive a certain propriety in placing it in the hands of the most perfect musician. We must allow that it has rather an unpoetical appearance.

THE WALLS OF TROY.

If, as some authors have observed, chronology and geography may be considered as the two eyes of history, we may perhaps be justified in giving to mythology the title of "history without eyes." The ancient poets seem to have been remiss in the study of these important sciences, particularly of the former: hence we often find heroes represented as acting a brilliant part on the theatre of the world, long before the time marked as the period of their birth, or long after the account of their decease. Our modern literati have however professed to clear the mythology of the ancients from these apparent absurdities, by tracing the existence, stories, and adventures of its most celebrated heroes in the march of the planets, and the relative position of the heavenly bodies, considered

with reference to the hieroglyphic figures under which the stars, for the assistance and direction of the astronomer and the agricultor, were originally grouped into constellations; and they have endeavoured to prove that the accounts of Hercules, Bacchus, Apollo, Adonis, Jason, and others, have nothing to do with history or chronology; and that their adventures are altogether solar fables or astronomical legends.

It should seem, from the following relation of the wonderful manner in which the walls of Troy were constructed, that Hercules was considered as a contemporary with Midas, king of Phrygia; for we are informed that Apollo, after having inflicted upon that weak prince the ridiculous punishment of the donkey's ears, soared away into the regions of the air, directing his course towards the Hellespont; a strait or narrow passage of the sea, so called from Helle, the daughter of Athamas and Nephele, who was drowned there by falling from the golden-fleeced ram that was carrying her and her brother Phryxus to Colchis.

The god of day, descending at Sigeum, a town seated on a promontory which then bore the same name, but is now called Ineihisari, stopped near an antique altar dedicated to Jupiter-Panompheus (Jupiter the all-hearing). Here he first

beheld the walls with which the king, Laomedon, had begun to surround his metropolis, the famous Troy, which then bore the name of Ilium, that he had given it in honour of his father Ilus.

The building of these walls was a prodigious undertaking; and being carried on with great expense and difficulty, advanced but slowly; the sudden encroachments of the sea often destroying the recent labours of the industrious and able workmen.

Apollo on this occasion had an interview with Neptune; and they agreed together to disguise themselves, and in the character of architects to offer their services to Laomedon in the building of this wall. Their proposals were accepted, and the price they were to receive for their labour stipulated. These immortal artificers accordingly set to work with great diligence and industry, Neptune adroitly fixing in their places the stones which Apollo assembled by the attractive melody of his lyre. The stupendous work was soon completed, and the sum agreed on for the payment was demanded; when Laomedon not only refused to pay the money, but declared that he had never engaged to pay it. "Wretched man!" cried Neptune, "prepare to suffer the punishment due to thy perfidy." Instantly the waves of the ocean

rolled furiously against the devoted city. The raging billows broke over the walls; the palace of Laomedon and the whole country was overwhelmed; the hopes of the agricultor destroyed; and at the same time a pestilence sent by Apollo raged among the miserable inhabitants.

The guilty monarch, in great consternation, hastened to consult the oracle of Jupiter-Panompheus on the means of appeasing the wrath of the offended deities; and was informed that this could only be done by the annual sacrifice of an Ilian virgin, chosen from the families of the highest rank, who was to be devoured by a sea-monster that would appear once a year for the purpose of obtaining his prey.

At the time of his approach the young persons were assembled, and the lot decided which of them should be doomed thus to perish for the good of her country. After some years the lot fell upon Hesione, the king's own daughter. Laomedon loved her with all a parent's tenderness. For the wealth of worlds he would not have given her up; yet what was he to do? His refusal would again irritate the gods, and bring destruction upon his family and his people. The princess (like Andromeda, vol. i. page 205.) was accordingly chained to a rock, when the great

Alcides or Hercules, who fortunately happened to be near, presented himself before the afflicted monarch, and offered to rescue his daughter, and to deliver the country from this calamitous tribute, on condition of receiving, as a reward for these important services, six fine horses, which had long been the objects of his admiration. The condition was joyfully accepted; Hercules killed the monster,[1] and Hesione was restored to her father.

The Theban prince now claimed the fulfilment of the royal promise with regard to the horses; but Laomedon again proved false to his engagements: whereupon the indignant hero attacked the city, and took it by force of arms. Laomedon was killed in the conflict; and Hercules gave the princess Hesione in marriage to his friend Telamon. Her brother, the young prince Podarces,[2] was ransomed at a very high price, and the people placed him on the throne of his fathers, changing his name to that of Priam, which signified bought or ransomed.

Observations.—In the Villa Albani is a fine picture in mosaic, representing Hercules delivering the princess Hesione.

There exists a very pretty painting, one of the

earliest productions of the celebrated Domenichino, which represents Apollo and Neptune offering their services to Laomedon for the construction of the walls of his capital.

Notes.—1 *Monster.* Lycophron, a Greek author, says, that to destroy this terrible monster Hercules threw himself completely armed into his mouth; and having torn his entrails in pieces, came forth after three days; having suffered no other inconvenience than the loss of his hair. Other authors say that the hero killed him with his club.

2 *Podarces.* All the royal family became the prisoners of Hercules. Hesione, on her marriage with Telamon, obtained permission to ransom one of her relations. She selected her younger brother Podarces; giving a magnificent ornament which she wore on her head as the price of his liberty.

MARRIAGE OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

TELAMON, as we have seen in the preceding tale, was united to Hesione, the daughter of Laomedon; but for his brother Peleus was reserved the glory of marrying a goddess. He was the only mortal ever admitted to that honour. Thetis, who was destined to become the partner of his life, was one of the Nereides, that is to say, one of the fifty daughters of Nereus and Doris, who, like their father and mother, were all divinities of the ocean. Their duty was to attend upon the more powerful deities of the sea, and to be subservient to the will of Neptune.

The Nereides are represented as young and beautiful virgins, having their fine hair adorned with pearls, and being seated on dolphins, bearing in their hands crowns, garlands of flowers, branches

of coral, or tridents: they loved to amuse themselves on the sea-shore, and to repose in caves or grottoes adorned with shells, and shaded with vine-branches.

In a certain part of the country of Æmonia, in Thessaly, there is a remarkably beautiful bay, in the form of a crescent, where the sea flows up to a beach of white gravel, exceedingly dry and clean, and amongst which not a marine plant is to be seen. No ships or boats disturb the silence that reigns in this solitary spot, the water being too shallow to admit of any sort of navigation. A fine wood of olive and myrtle trees, in pensile loveliness, stretches down to the water's edge, nearly in the middle of the crescent. In this wood was a grotto of uncommon beauty, in which the hand of art had probably assisted that of nature: it was called the Grotto of Thetis, and was a place of frequent resort to the nereide whose name it bore.

Thetis had been courted by Jupiter and by Neptune; but Proteus, the oracle of the sea, having predicted that this nereide should have a son who would be greater than his father, they withdrew their pretensions. Peleus afterwards sought her in marriage; but Thetis not liking to degrade herself by marrying a mortal, refused him, and endeavoured to elude his pursuit by assuming

different forms: whereupon the enamoured Peleus had recourse to Neptune and other deities of the ocean, praying, pouring wine in profuse libation into their waves, and burning costly gums and incense on their altars. The gods of the mighty deep were propitious; and Proteus, by their order, raising himself on the surface of the water, addressed Peleus in the most encouraging manner, directing him to surprise the nereide in the evening, when borne to the shore by her attendant dolphin, she should go to repose in her favourite grotto, where he was to bind her in chains very tight, and above all to guard himself against being frightened at any terrifying appearance she might assume.

Peleus succeeded in putting the chain on the object of his affections, and held her fast under various forms, as a bird, a tree, &c.; but when she took the figure of a tigress, he was so frightened that he let fall the chain, and escaped with all speed, leaving her in the quiet possession of her grotto.

Proteus appearing again, reproached Peleus with his want of courage, and advised him to make another trial. He did so, and succeeded; for Thetis, after essaying a variety of metamorphoses, under all of which she found it impossible to

escape from his hold, resumed her natural form, and consented to marry him.

The nuptials of Thetis and Peleus were celebrated with great pomp on Mount Pelion; all the gods and goddesses assisting at the festival, except Ate or Discordia, who had received no invitation, because the bride and bridegroom well knew that she was no favourite in the celestial court, Jupiter having dragged her by the hair, and driven her out of heaven, for causing quarrels, and raising seditions and jealousies among the gods. Ate being piqued at this pointed neglect, contrived, while the company were at table, to throw in amongst them a golden apple, on which was inscribed these words, *To the fairest.* Each of he goddesses immediately claimed the apple as her own. Much confusion ensued; and at last the greater number, for the sake of peace, withdrew their claims: but Juno, Minerva, and Venus, with unyielding obstinacy, maintained their pretensions.

The dissension excited by the apple of discord did not terminate with the nuptial festival. The bickerings of the three goddesses were renewed and continued to the great annoyance of Jupiter, who not choosing to become an arbiter in such a foolish contest, ordered Mercury to conduct the

fair disputants to Mount Ida, where he would find a shepherd who was celebrated for his sagacity and discernment. The name of this mountain-pastor was Paris. To him Mercury was commanded to consign the apple, announcing that it was the will of Jupiter that this dispute should be settled by his decision.

The goddesses accordingly appeared before Paris: they had neither ornament nor covering; and each strove, by the most alluring looks, entreaties, and promises, to interest him in her favour, and to obtain the prize of superior beauty. Juno promised him a kingdom, Minerva an excess of military glory, and Venus the possession of the most beautiful woman in the world.

Paris adjudged the prize to Venus; and by so doing drew upon himself the resentment of Juno and Minerva, who failed not to wreak their vengeance on the unfortunate umpire, his family, and his country, the ruin of which Homer has sung in immortal numbers in his "Iliad," which with the "Odyssey" constitute the two finest epic poems that were ever composed. They have deservedly been the admiration of men of taste and learning for nearly three thousand years.

Observations.—There exist innumerable repre-

sentations of the splendid nuptials of Peleus and Thetis; among which, one of the finest is an exhibition in basso-relievo on a sarcophagus in the Villa Albani.

In the Villa Ludovisi is a remarkably fine basso-relievo, representing the judgment of Paris.

In the Vatican Library is a highly-esteemed painting of this subject, by Francesco Bartoli; and it has employed the pencils of Raphael, Rubens, Albano, and many other celebrated artists.

Among the best pictures that have been taken from Herculaneum, is one on this subject. The three goddesses are standing before Paris, each of them distinguished by one of her principal attributes; and Paris is presenting the apple to Venus with a striking air of delight and preference. It is remarkable that the ancients represent the three goddesses in the presence of Paris without any covering; but the moderns invariably give them a light and elegant drapery.

Among the fresco paintings of Annibale and Agostino Caracci, on the ceilings of the Palazzo Farnese, is a fine representation of Mercury presenting the apple of discord to Paris, and announcing to him that he is to be the umpire to settle the dispute between the rival goddesses.

CHIONE AND DÆDALION.

In the course of time, Peleus and Thetis had a son, whose brilliant talents and early valour reflected honour on his family, and rendered the young hero an object of admiration to all who knew him. This was no other than the renowned Achilles, whose fame has been handed down to us in the history of the destruction of Troy, and will remain distinguished in the annals of military glory as long as the works of Homer[1] shall be appreciated and admired among men.

The happiness of Peleus appeared to his friends to be complete, yet he frequently appeared gloomy and disconsolate; his pleasures being embittered by the remembrance of a fatal accident, which had occasioned the death of his younger brother Phocus, who was killed by a blow from a quoit,

while engaged in playing with his brothers Telamon and Peleus; in consequence of which sad event, the old king, Æacus, had banished the two latter from his kingdom. Peleus on this occasion retired to the court of Ceyx, king of Trachinia, a country on the bay of Malia, remarkable for its rough and boisterous sea, which renders the navigation difficult and dangerous.

Ceyx, who was a peaceable good man, received Peleus with great kindness, but there was no smile on his countenance. His appearance was that of a person overwhelmed, and sinking under some rooted affliction. After a few weeks' residence at the court of this hospitable monarch, Peleus ventured to inquire into the cause of his grief, and Ceyx replied to his inquiries by the following recital:

"I am the son of that renowned prince, who was commonly known by the name of Lucifer, or the morning star; and I had a brother to whom I was sincerely and tenderly attached, though no two persons ever had tastes and inclinations more opposite to each other than ours. I sought the calm pleasures of retirement, and lived in the peaceable enjoyment of every domestic comfort with an amiable wife, whose love for me could only be equalled by that which I felt and cherished

for her. My brother Dædalion, on the contrary, sacrificed every thing to his passion for military glory. He was fierce and famous in battle. He dethroned kings, and spread terror among the nations. In short, he was a conqueror, whose ambition increased with his conquests.

"My dear brother Dædalion had a daughter who was the pride of his heart. She was uncommonly beautiful; but, unfortunately, her vanity was not less than her beauty, and she ultimately fell a victim to this predominant weakness. Chione, for that was her name, became a mother at an early age. She had two sons, who were twins, and they grew up as unlike to each other in their tastes, talents, and dispositions, as my brother Dædalion and myself. Autolycus was cunning and clever, and he became notorious for his artifices and stratagems, and also for his unhappy habits of making too free with the property of others. His brother Philammon was a skilful and celebrated musician, addicted to study, and admired for his eloquence. From the difference in their talents and characters, one was said to be the son of Mercury, the other of Apollo. Chione's vanity was flattered by this report; and she grew at last so proud of herself and her children, that she became totally indifferent to the worship of the gods, and even

ventured in her conversation to make comparisons between herself and the goddess Diana, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The goddess revenged the affront by wounding the unfortunate Chione with an arrow, which, true to the aim of the hand that sent it, pierced through her tongue, and caused her death. This was an affliction which my unhappy brother had not strength of mind to support, and he lost his reason. When he saw the corpse of his daughter laid on the funeral pile, he attempted several times to throw himself into the flames; but being frustrated in this attempt by his attendants, he suddenly broke from them, and running with a speed which appeared more than human, he gained the highest summit of Mount Parnassus, and from thence precipitated himself towards the earth. In his fall, however, Apollo metamorphosed him into a hawk, under which form he still indulges his natural inclination for war and rapine. His courage and force are far superior to his size, and he now excites as much terror among the feathered race, as he was heretofore wont to do among his fellowmen."

Here the afflicted monarch finished his narration, at which Peleus had shown himself very much affected, and was now anxious to offer the

consolations of sympathy and friendship; but, alas! Ceyx was not to be comforted.

Observations.—In the Vatican Museum is a beautiful piece of sculpture, which represents the Apotheosis of Homer. The poet is sitting on a throne holding his poems; an attendant female figure bearing a sword represents the Iliad; and this with an oar in her hands, represents the Odyssey.

Note.—1 *Homer.* A Greek poet who wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey, the former giving an account of the resentment of Achilles, the long siege, and subsequent destruction of the famous Troy. The latter describes the voyage and numerous nautical adventures and misfortunes of Ulysses in his return to his native country. They are the two finest Epic poems that were ever written.—See Lempriere's Dictionary.

THE PETRIFIED WOLF.

PHOCUS, the amiable youth whose untimely death had caused so much sorrow and pain to his brother Peleus, was the younger son of Æacus, king of Ægina, by his second wife, the Nereide Psamathe; whereas Telamon and Peleus were the sons of his first wife, the nymph Endeis. These princes were, as before observed, banished from their father's court for the act of fratricide which they had inadvertently committed.

Peleus on retiring to the court of Ceyx took with him the greater part of his substance, particularly his numerous flocks and herds, and the benevolent king of Trachinia allotted him a portion of land for his establishment.

While Ceyx sat one morning conversing with his guest on the subject which most oppressed his

mind, namely, the metamorphosis of his brother Dædalion, a peasant named Anetor, who was the guardian of the flocks and herds of Peleus, came running out of breath to inform the prince of some terrible disaster.

Mentre che racconta, a Peleo, il re Ceice
Del suo fratello il fato acerbo e reo,
Un gentiluom del re, s' accosta e dice
Com è giù nella corte, un uom plebeo
Che mostra alcuno incontro empiò e infelice
Aver da dire al suo Signor Peleo.
Il re, che brama anch' ei saperne il tutto,
Comanda che 'l plebeo venga introdutto. Ane.

Anetor was accordingly brought into the royal presence, and having made his obeisance, addressed his master Peleus in the following manner:

"I must inform you, my prince, that in the heat of the day I withdrew your cattle near the sea-shore: I cannot exactly describe to you whereabouts it is; but if you, and the good king there, will please to come along with me, I shall soon show it to you.

"Well, as I was saying, I brought the bullocks and sheep near the sea-shore, and while they were resting, I strolled about to see if there were any houses and cottages in the neighbourhood. I found only a rustic temple, in which there is neither gold nor marble, nor any ornament

whatever. It is supported by the trunks of old oak-trees instead of pillars, and close to it is an antique wood, the trees of which are so closely planted, that scarcely a sunbeam can find its way through the foliage. After wandering about for some time I perceived a fisherman who was drying his nets on the shore. He informed me that the temple was consecrated to Nereus, a divinity of the sea more ancient than Neptune himself; for the latter you know, prince, is the son of Saturn, whereas the parents of the former were Oceanus and Tethys. The fisherman also told me that the Nereides delight themselves on this part of the coast, and frequently assemble in that dark, gloomy, thick grove, that as I said before is near the temple. Scarcely had he given me this information, when a wolf of a monstrous size, with eyes like balls of fire, rushed furiously out of the wood, and fell upon the cattle. In vain the shepherds endeavoured to drive him away; he tore several of them also to pieces. Their mangled bodies lie mixed with those of the flocks and herds, and the water near the shore is stained with their blood." Anetor could proceed no farther, being interrupted by Ceyx, who ordered his attendants to take arms and follow him and Peleus to the scene of carnage. On coming near to this place, their

ears were assailed with the groans of the dying animals, and they ascended to the top of a tower which served as a pharos[1] to direct the course of the ships going in and coming out of the harbour. From this height they beheld the shore covered with dead and dying cattle, and the enraged wolf still glutting himself with their blood. Ceyx sent his armed men to destroy him. But Peleus being of opinion that the monster was sent by Psamathe, who probably adopted this method of avenging the death of her son Phocus, endeavoured to appease the nereide by sacrifices and prayers. All however was ineffectual, till Tethys came and joined her supplications to those of her husband. This was sufficient. Psamathe was appeased, and the wolf was instantly petrified.

Note.—1 *Pharos.* This was the name of a small island in the port of Alexandria, to which city it was joined by a rialto or causeway. It gave its name to a magnificent tower built thereon by Sostrates, in the reign of Ptolemy-Soter. It is said to have cost upwards of 150,000*l.* sterling. It was constructed of white marble, and being one hundred and eighty cubits high, the fires (which during the night were constantly kept burning on its top) could be seen from ships at one

hundred miles distant. This wonderfully fine edifice was composed of several stories or galleries adorned with columns and balustrades of the finest marble, and was supported at each corner (for it was square) by the figure of a crab wrought in fine transparent stone peculiar to certain parts of Egypt. This tower was intended as a mark to direct mariners in the bay, the navigation there being dangerous, and the port of Alexandria difficult of access. Mention has been made of a talismanic mirror placed near the top, on the preservation of which the power and grandeur of the city was supposed to depend. This mirror showed, by reflection, ships at one hundred miles distant. It was broken a short time before the conquest of the country by the Arabs, an event which happened in the nineteenth year of the Hegira or flight of Mahomet.

From this celebrated tower, which was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, light-houses in general have obtained the name of pharos. The famous Colossus of Rhodes was a pharos.

PARTING OF CEYX AND HALCYONE.

DESTINY being averse to the establishment of Peleus in Trachinia, he left that country and went to the court of Acastus, king of the Magnesians, in Thessaly, and was there permitted to make an expiation for the death of his brother Phocus. The expiation was a certain religious ceremony by which it was supposed that criminals, and places that had been profaned, were purified from guilt and contamination. Devout persons had recourse to it in cases of homicide, and on various other occasions.

Some authors have related that Ceyx, at one part of his life, became so dazzled by a fortuitous increase of wealth and power, as to lose his taste for the simple pleasures that had once been most dear to him; to delight in vain parade, pomp, and

grandeur, and at last to imagine himself entitled to more than mortal honours, so that in the pride of his heart he assumed the name of Jupiter.

The sovereign of the gods, being incensed to see a frail mortal thus usurping his name and honours, determined that his folly should not go unpunished, so that from that moment the celestial vengeance seemed to impend over the devoted monarch and his family.

Ceyx continued to love his dear Halcyone; but he was so terrified at the metamorphosis of his brother, the singular death of his niece Chione, and all the prodigies that had preceded and followed that sad event, that a settled melancholy took possession of his mind; and being apprehensive that these were only presages of some greater evil that was yet to happen to himself or his family, he resolved to consult the oracle of Claros respecting the means by which he might deprecate the wrath of the gods, and escape the dangers which his mind foreboded. The Delphian oracle was, at that time, rendered inaccessible by Phorbas and a gang of ill-disposed Phlegyans, who had pillaged the temple, and made the passes to it very dangerous by their hostile attacks on all such as endeavoured to approach it.

The queen Halcyone being overwhelmed with

affliction at a determination that must expose her husband to the perils of the sea, represented to him the dangers that would probably attend his voyage; reminded him of the numerous shipwrecks of which they had been eye-witnesses; besought him to reflect on the wandering state of the unhappy manes, whose bodies remained unblessed by the rites of sepulture, and recalled to his memory the cenotaphs over which they had sighed together in their frequent walks along the beach that bounded the Trachinian sea.

Halcyone, finding all her entreaties and representations unavailing, now besought her husband to make her the companion of his voyage. This request he refused to grant, from motives of tenderness and affection, striving to console her by assurances that there was no danger, and that he should certainly return in less than two months.

Cruel was the moment of separation. Ceyx left his beloved Halcyone in a state of insensibility. On coming to herself she perceived the vessel already at a distance, and her husband standing on the poop, making signs of affection and hope. She followed him with her eyes, till the increasing distance made it impossible to discern him or the ship any longer.

Hapless Halcyone! thy gloomy presages were but too soon realised.

A tempest arose, the horrors of which not only surpass the powers of description, but defeat even those of the imagination! The vessel perished in the waves, and Ceyx with his last breath uttered a prayer for his beloved Halcyone.

Ma più di tutti, in bocca ha la consorte
Mentre può respirar lo stanco petto.
Dice bramar che la fortuna il porte
Come sia morto, inanzi al suo cospetto;
Sich' almen possa aver dopo la morte
Da mano amica, entro il sepolcro il letto,
E col superbo mormorar dell' onde
Il bel nome d' Alcyone ancor confonde.

ANG.

CAVERN OF SOMNUS—METAMORPHOSIS OF CEYX AND HALCYONE.

THE unfortunate Halcyone, ignorant of the fate of her husband, counted with impatience the days and hours that were to precede the period of his promised return; and she employed herself in working a superb garment, which she intended to present to him on his arrival. She daily repaired to the temples, imploring the gods for his safety, and offering costly gifts and incense on all their altars, but more particularly on that of Juno.

The goddess, unwilling that Halcyone should continue to prefer unavailing prayers for one who was already numbered with the dead, commanded her messenger Iris to visit the cavern of Somnus, the god of sleep, and to engage him to send a

dream to the queen of Trachinia that should announce to her the shipwreck and death of her beloved Ceyx.

Iris, in prompt obedience to the command of Juno, arrayed herself in a brilliant robe; and having traced in the air a radiant arch of various colours, descended on its glowing curve to this sublunary world, and entered the cavern of the god of sleep. This gloomy retreat, into the interior of which no sunbeam had ever penetrated, is said to be in the country of the Cimmerians. Scarcely do the chinks and crannies of this shadowy abode admit light enough to distinguish day from night. Here no crowing of the cock ever announced the approach of morn. No noise of the barking of dogs or the cackling of geese ever disturbed the silence and tranquillity of this peaceful dwelling. The only sound heard in this retreat is the soft gurgling of the river of oblivion; which, as it gently rolls its rippling waves over some small pebbles, seems to whisper an invitation to repose. Near the entrance of this grotto grow great quantities of poppies and other narcotic plants, the soporific juices of which are extracted by the hand of Night, to sprinkle on the path by which she makes her silent approach towards the abode of mortals.

The cavern of Somnus is always open; and there is neither door nor sentinel whose noise might disturb the deathlike tranquillity of the place. Here, on a bed of ebony hung with black curtains, reposes the drowzy genius of the grotto, with his head reclining on a pillow of the softest down. His couch is surrounded by shadowy forms called dreams, whose number equals the stars of the firmament, or the sand upon the sea-shore. These, with their chiefs or commanders, Morpheus, Phobetor, and Phantasus, attend and wait the orders of their sovereign.

Iris entered the cavern, gently pushing aside with her hands the dreams that fluttered about her path. The brightness of her vesture threw a light into this gloomy retreat; and Somnus, awaking from his repose, raised himself on his arm, and having shaken off the poppies that covered his head and face, inquired the cause of her visit. Iris feeling herself affected by the stupefactive vapours of the grotto, hastily made known her commission, and then ascending her radiant arch, returned to the celestial regions.

The three chiefs whose names have been already mentioned were the sons as well as the ministers of Somnus. It was their office to receive the orders of their father respecting the myriads of

dreams which each of them commanded. To Morpheus belonged all those which are wont to present themselves under a human figure. Phobetor and his legions assumed the appearance of wild beasts, serpents, birds of prey, and other animals which inspire terror. Phantasus presided over innumerable forms; as, rivers, lands, trees, stones, flowers, and every fantastic figure which can present itself to the imagination.

On the departure of Iris, Morpheus received his father's orders to prepare for Halcyone a dream that should announce to her the death of her beloved husband. On this occasion the minister determined to go in person (the three chiefs often did this for princes and nobles, reserving the intervention of their shadowy *canaille* for plebeians); and taking the form of Ceyx, pale, cold, and deathlike, with his hair wet, and the water dripping from his beard, he seemed to the sleeping Halcyone to lean on her bed, and weeping bitterly, thus to address her:—"Dear Halcyone! thy prayers for me have been unavailing! Unhappy widow! hope no more to see thy husband Ceyx. The terrible Auster assailed the ship in which, heedless of all thy tender entreaties, I ventured to embark, and shaking her to pieces by the whirlwinds that burst tremendously from his mouth,

precipitated her into the depths of the sea. I sunk, and my last expiring breath uttered the name of my beloved Halcyone. Prepare thy robe of mourning. Let my wandering spirit be consoled by some funeral ceremonies; and let not Ceyx descend to the realms of Pluto unwept by the dear object of his tender and faithful attachment."

Autor dubbio non è quel che tel dice,
Non è romor di quel che 'l volgo crede,
Questo è il tuo caro e naufrago Ceice,
Che del proprio naufragio ti fa fede.
Or, sorgi, e dammi il tuo pianto infelice,
Sicch' io non vada alla Tartarea sede,
Senza avere il funebre officio santo,
Senza aver della moglie il duolo e il pianto.

Halcyone awoke in the most fearful agitation. Her cries alarmed her attendants; to whom in broken accents she communicated the cause of her affliction. Having sought in vain to find some traces of her beloved Ceyx in the spot where she had seen him in her dream, she left the palace, and ran towards the place where she had seen him embark. A corpse appeared floating on the water. The waves brought it to the shore. It was Ceyx. It was the husband for whose return Halcyone had fondly sighed.

Frantic with grief and despair, the wretched

widow precipitated herself from the rock on which she stood! In her fall she was metamorphosed into a bird. In this new form she perched on the dead body; pecked at it with her bill; fanned it with her wings, and by a thousand gestures and motions expressed her attachment. To the astonishment of all the spectators of this extraordinary scene the corpse was seen to move. The gods, approving the faithful attachment of this affectionate couple, restored Ceyx to life, under a form similar to that which they had given to Halcyone. These birds obtained the name of Halcyoni,[1] or king-fishers.

Observations.—In the Florentine Gallery is a statue of the god of sleep, Somnus, in touchstone. He appears sleeping; his large wings droop, and the poppy-juice is running out of a horn which he holds negligently in his hand. On an antique monument at Rome Somnus appears sleeping with one arm round the neck of a lion, whose appearance is also very drowsy.

In the gallery at Florence is a painting on wood by Baptist Naldini. It is called *the two doors of the dreams*. It contains many symbolical figures; and in the back-ground is a person sleeping on a very magnificent bed.

Note.—1 ***Halcyoni.*** These birds are also called Halcyons; they are said to frequent the seas in the vicinity of Sicily, where they build their nests on a rock overhanging the ocean; or, as some maintain, on the surface of the water. The ancients gave the name of ***dies Halcyonii*** (Halcyon days) to the seven days which precede, and the seven which follow the brumal solstice, because the Halcyon laid her eggs at this time of the year; and the weather during her incubation was said to be always calm and serene. The term Halcyon days is frequently used in a figurative sense to express any season of transient peace or happiness.

METAMORPHOSIS OF ÆSACUS.

WHILE the spectators who had beheld the metamorphosis of Halcyone and Ceyx, struck with astonishment, stood admiring these beautiful birds, an old man who happened to be present bade them observe a cormorant at some distance, standing near the sea; and informed them that this voracious bird had once been a valiant youth, descended from an illustrious line of kings. "This youth," said he, "was the son of Priam, king of Troy. His mother, according to some authors, was Alexirhoe, daughter of the river Granicus; while others assert that he was the son of Priam's first wife Arisba, whom he divorced in order to marry Hecuba. His name was Æsacus, and he was one of the most amiable and accomplished

princes of his age; but being of a pensive turn of mind, and preferring the pleasures of rural life to the pomp and splendour of a court, he passed his time chiefly in the country, and was seldom seen in the palace of his father.

"One day as Æsacus was taking a solitary walk in the woods, he perceived at a little distance the beautiful nymph Hesperia, daughter of the river Cebrenus, for whom he had long felt a secret attachment. Æsacus approached softly towards the place where she was sitting; when the rustling he caused among the leaves alarmed the nymph, and she fled with the greatest rapidity. The Trojan prince pursued her for some time, when on a sudden Hesperia uttered a violent scream and fell senseless on the ground. Æsacus perceived that she had been bitten by a serpent. The venom spread rapidly through her veins, and she died before any assistance could be procured.

"Æsacus, overwhelmed with grief at having thus been accessary to the death of the object of his most ardent and tender affection, bitterly reproached himself, and uttered a thousand imprecations against the serpent:—'Dear Hesperia!' cried he, 'I, alas! am the cause of thy death. My guilt is superior to that of the animal by the bite of which thou diest.'

Misero ! misero me, mi doglio e pento,
Corso per farti premio alla mia fede ;
Ma non credea, che l' ultimo tormento
Del nostro amor dovesse esser mercede
Due siam, ch' abbiamo il tuo bel lume spento.
Col suo veleno il serpe, io col mio piede
Bench' io che ti fei dar le piante al corso,
Fui più crudele assai che non fu 'l morso.

Ben era il vincer mio di sommo pregio,
Ma molto più volea vivo il tuo lume ;
Dunque s' io fui cagion ch' un tanto egregio
Splendor mandasse l' alma al nero fiume,
Voglio quest' alma mia che più non pregio,
Render vassalla del Tartareo Nume ;
Che l' ombra tua, nella più bassa corte
Qualche co..forto avrà della mia morte.

" Thus said, Æsacus ran to the top of a high rock and precipitated himself into the sea. Tethys received him in his fall, and metamorphosed him into a cormorant, under which form he now seeks food and refreshment instead of death, by plunging into the water.

" The Trojan monarch being ignorant of the fate of his son, and having sought for him in vain, commanded, at last, that funeral ceremonies, and funeral games, such as are usual at the death of princes, should be celebrated to his honour. All the royal family, except one absent son, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, assisted on this mournful occasion. Hector, another son

of Priam, caused a superb cenotaph[1] to be erected to the memory of his lost brother, and the afflicted father with a trembling hand inscribed thereon the name of *Æsacus*."

Note.—1 *Cenotaph.* This, among the ancients, was an empty tomb or monument raised to the memory of some person not buried in that spot, or for one whose body had not been found. In erecting the cenotaph, certain ceremonies were observed, which were supposed to have an important influence on the state of the soul or spirit of the deceased. The manes of such as had not received the rites of sepulture were believed to wander in a very wretched state for the space of one hundred years.

IPHIGENIA.

PARIS, the celebrated shepherd of Mount Ida, who had acted as umpire in the dispute between the three goddesses about the apple of discord, was the son of Priam, king of Troy. His mother in the time of her pregnancy had dreamed that she was delivered of a blazing torch or firebrand, which burned her palace, and caused the destruction of her husband and family. Hecuba having sought an interpretation of this dream from the soothsayers or wise men, they declared that the child of whom she had thus dreamed would be the ruin of his country. The king, Priam, with a view to avoid this threatened evil, ordered his slave Archelaus to destroy the infant as soon as it should be born. This man, influenced by his own feelings of humanity, or by a regard to the

maternal tenderness of the queen, Hecuba, did not kill the child; but satisfied himself by exposing it upon Mount Ida, where it was found by a shepherd, who kindly took care of the little friendless creature, and brought him up as his own child.

The young pastor soon distinguished himself by his courage and intrepidity; and from his extraordinary care in protecting the flocks of Mount Ida from the rapacity of wild beasts, he obtained the additional name of Alexander, which signifies helper or defender. Paris was esteemed and beloved by his fellow-shepherds; and by the superior grace and charms of his person, had won the heart of the beautiful nymph Œnone, whom he married, and with whom he lived in great conjugal felicity till the fatal moment in which he was called upon to give his decision about the golden apple.

Soon after this event, king Priam, in consequence of some public cause of rejoicing, appointed certain games or contests, in which the prize or reward of the victor was to be the finest bull upon Mount Ida. His emissaries being despatched in quest of this animal, found that the handsomest of his kind was in the possession of Paris, who parted with it very much against his will, resolving to try his chance for the recovery

of this favourite animal: he accordingly went to Troy, and entered the lists with the combatants. Here he obtained the victory over many princes; among whom were his brothers Hector, Polites, Helenus, and Deiphobus. Hector, who was exceedingly vexed and mortified at being vanquished by this stranger, pursued him with hostile intentions; and Paris, to escape his anger, fled to the temple of Jupiter. There he was noticed by the princess Cassandra,[1] who being struck with his strong resemblance to her father, inquired his name, the place of his birth, &c.; and finished by clearly discovering that he was her brother, and as such she introduced him to her parents. The shepherd who had saved him in his infancy produced the swaddling-clothes in which the babe had been enveloped; and Priam no longer mindful of his wife's dream, consented to receive him as his son. Great rejoicings were made on this occasion. His brothers and sisters cordially acknowledged him; and even Hector was no longer angry or ashamed, when convinced that his successful competitor in the games was a person of his own rank and a brother.

After some time Priam caused a fleet to be equipped, and sent his son Paris to Greece to demand the restoration of his sister Hesione,

whom Hercules had given in marriage to Telamon. Some authors say that Hesione was dead, and that the embassy of her nephew Paris was to demand certain property which had belonged to her, and to which Priam considered himself entitled by right of succession. This cannot now be determined. Suffice it to know, that Paris went to Greece, and visiting Sparta, was kindly received by Menelaus, king of that country, and his lovely queen, Helen, who was every where spoken of as the most beautiful woman in the world. Paris abused the hospitality of Menelaus by corrupting the fidelity of his wife; and while the king was absent on a voyage to the island of Crete, where some affairs of importance had rendered his presence absolutely necessary, the unfaithful Helen was prevailed on to elope with her new lover, whom she accompanied to Troy.

All the Grecian states united to avenge the injury offered to Menelaus. A thousand vessels, from the different ports of Greece, sailed in pursuit of the fugitives; and they would have been overtaken before their arrival on the coast of Ilium, if the wind had not proved unfavourable.

The fleet being detained by contrary winds in the bay of Aulis, the Greeks prepared to make a

sacrifice to Jupiter; and the sacred fire was accordingly kindled on a rustic altar, near which grew a superb plane-tree. Suddenly there appeared, near the top of this tree, an enormous serpent devouring a nest of young birds: the whole army was appalled at the sight, supposing it to be an omen that boded disgrace and discomfiture. Calchas the high-priest consoled them, by an assurance that their expedition would prove successful and glorious. He predicted, however, from the number of the birds that had been devoured, that the war would last more than nine years. Scarcely had he done speaking when the serpent was hardened into stone.

The sea, now agitated by adverse winds, and now smoothed into a profound calm, still prevented the Greeks from carrying the war into Asia. The army was troubled, and began to imagine that Neptune, who had heretofore given a proof of his attachment for the city of Troy by assisting to build its walls, had now determined to preserve it from their attacks. Calchas, however, was of a different opinion; and after some time he announced to them, that their detention in this port was caused by the goddess Diana, who being incensed against Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the Grecian forces, for having

killed her favourite stag, now required the sacrifice[a] of his daughter Iphigenia. Agamemnon heard this with horror; and rather than shed the blood of his child, he resolved to prosecute the war no farther. He accordingly commanded a herald to proclaim that the troops were at liberty to disband, and every soldier to return to his respective home. Ulysses, king of Ithaca, and some other generals here interfered; and offering a thousand arguments in support of the necessity and duty of obedience to the will of the gods, at length prevailed on Agamemnon to consent that Iphigenia should be immolated for the general good, the common cause of Greece. Ulysses was accordingly despatched to fetch the young princess from her mother; and he obtained her under the pretext that the king her father intended to marry her to one of his generals. Iphigenia accordingly went to Aulis, where, seeing the preparations for the sacrifice, she fled to her father for protection. Her tears and prayers were unavailing. She was led to the altar. The priest raised his arm to give the fatal blow! when Diana, moved to compassion for the fate of this innocent princess, instantly bore her away in a cloud, and placed on the altar a fawn of uncommon size and beauty; and this animal (which some authors say

was not a fawn but a goat) was sacrificed in her stead.

Observations.—Among the twenty-four antique paintings preserved in the Vatican Library (all of which have been successfully copied by Pietro Santo Bartoli), is one that represents Cupid standing between Helen and Paris. The latter has one of the arrows of the god of love in his hand, and the former has playfully seized his bow.

A basso-relievo in the palace of the Duke Caraffa-Noya at Naples represents Venus and Helen sitting together at the foot of the statue of Pitho, the goddess of persuasion. Cupid presents Paris to the Spartan queen, and Venus seems to be persuading her in favour of her Phrygian lover.

At Orleans is a fine painting of Paris and Helen going from Sparta in a car.

The celebrated Medici vase is ornamented with a representation of the beautiful Iphigenia before the altar of Diana in Aulis. The Grecian women standing round her seem to be contemplating with admiration the submission of the lovely victim. Of this highly-finished piece there are innumerable copies, more than one of which may be seen in the royal gardens at Versailles.

There exists a very old, but highly-esteemed painting by an unknown artist, which exhibits the inexorable Calchas hastening the victim to the place of sacrifice. She is embracing her father, and appears to cast a look of unutterable anguish on a young man, intended without doubt to represent a lover.

Notes.—1 *Cassandra*, daughter of Priam, and priestess of Apollo, who endowed her with the power of predicting future events; but being incensed at her indifference to a subsequent declaration of love on his part, he pronounced that her prophecies should never be believed. The Trojans supposed her to be insane, and disregarded all her warnings.

In the division of the spoils of the ruined city Cassandra fell to the lot of Agamemnon, who took her with him into Greece, where he and his captive were both assassinated by his wife Clytemnestra.

2 *Sacrifice.* Homer makes no mention of this sacrifice, though his details respecting the Grecian forces and their adventures are very minute, as may be seen in the Iliad.

CYCNUS AND ACHILLES.

DIANA being appeased, the wind became favourable: the fleet proceeded towards Ilium, and the Grecian army, after encountering innumerable dangers, landed safely on that far-distant shore.

The trumpet of Fame announced their approach by a deadly blast of war. The Trojans, roused by the sound, prepared to make a vigorous defence; and the Greeks soon found that they had to do with a people no way their inferior in point of valour.

An oracle had declared that the first of the Grecian army who should set foot on the Trojan shore should perish. This was the daring Protesilaus, the son of Iphiclus, king of Epirus, who, on the day preceding his departure from his native country, had married the beautiful Laodamia, daughter of Acastus and Astadamia; and the same ardent thirst of military glory, and zeal for the honour of Me-

"Son of a goddess!" cried Cycnus, smiling disdainfully, "marvel not at the impotence of thine arms! Know, that my helmet, adorned with jewels, together with the buckler I bear upon my arm, are for me but mere ornaments; without them I should be equally invulnerable, having been rendered so by my father. The son of a Nereide may boast of his advantages; but know, proud man, that I am the son of Neptune, to whose authority Nereus himself and all his daughters are subject, and to his will they and theirs are bound to be subservient." On hearing this, Achilles leaped from his car, and seizing with his hands the adversary on whom his sword had no power, dashed him furiously on the ground, and then pressing him with all his might, squeezed closely the throat that had proved impenetrable to his lance. Cycnus expired in his gripe! His body, metamorphosed into a swan, escaped in this new form from under the armour that had covered it, and flew away in sight of the contending armies.

This conflict was succeeded by a truce of several days, in which time Achilles offered a sacrifice to Pallas for the victory he had obtained; and afterwards the princes and chiefs partook of a splendid repast, during which the conversation turned chiefly on combats and military achievements. Several of the company expressed their astonish-

ment that Cycnus had been found invulnerable, when Nestor, the venerable king of Pylos and Messenia, observed that he had seen other instances of this kind in his youth, particularly in the case of Cænis, a Thessalian woman, who was transformed into a man by Neptune, and at the same time rendered quite invulnerable. This person was distinguished for undaunted courage, displayed in the memorable battle occasioned by the brutality of the centaurs at the nuptial festival of Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ. The company expressed a wish to know the particulars of this fray, and Nestor obligingly promised that after dinner he would satisfy their curiosity.

Observations.—It is said that Laodamia being apprised in a dream of the death of her husband, prayed the gods that she might be permitted to see him; and Mercury was accordingly sent to bring him back from the realms of Pluto, with permission to remain with his widow for three hours. This event is represented on a sarcophagus in the Vatican Museum. On one side of this monument Protesilaus is seen lying dead on the shore, where he had just landed. His soul, (ghost, manes, or spirit,) represented by a figure covered with a long veil, is walking or gliding a *y*, conducted by Mercury. On the opposite side the hero is seen,

presented to his wife by the same celestial guide. Laodamia is sitting on a sort of throne, in the interior of her palace. Protesilaus is accompanied by his armour-bearer, who is turning away his head, that he may not hear the last sad farewell of these unfortunate lovers. On one end of this sarcophagus Mercury is represented in the act of reconducting his charge to the realms of Pluto, the entrance to which is through a dark gloomy arch: in the interior of this arch Charon appears with his boat, waiting to ferry the shade of Protesilaus over the Styx. The other end exhibits the horrible Tartarus, with the figures of Tantalus, Sisyphus, and Ixion.

Pliny mentions a statue of Protesilaus made by Dinomene. The figure holds a discus or quoit; in throwing which, the young hero was said to surpass all his contemporaries.

Fame, blowing her trumpet, is exhibited in a beautiful little bronze figure at Florence. She has her wings spread, the upper part of which are studded with eyes.

END OF VOL. II.

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